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Literary Notes

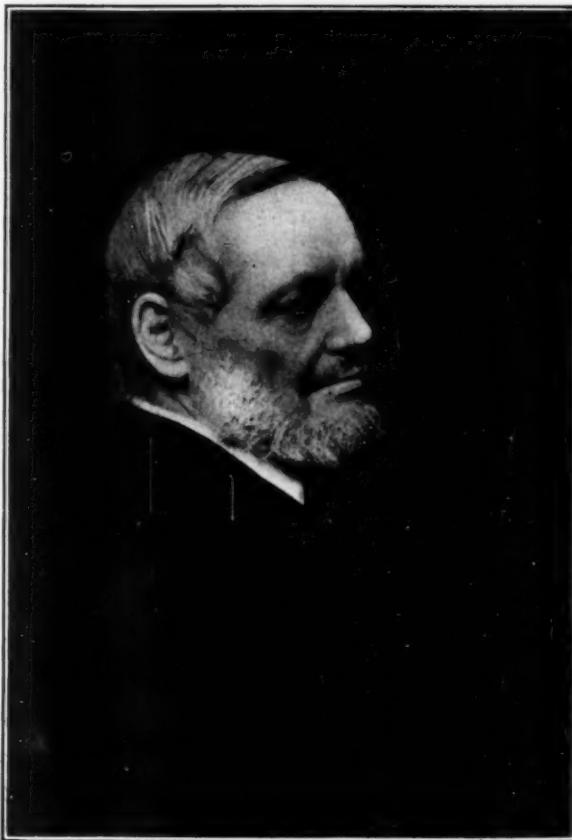
IN "The National Review" there is a curious article "Is Fiction Deteriorating?" by Miss Jane H. Findlater, suggested chiefly by the "Life of Charlotte Yonge." The writer points out that Miss Yonge influenced our fiction to a very considerable extent, and that Sir Guy Morville, the hero of the "Heir of Redclyffe," became the good, just as Rochester was the bad hero of noveldom. "The enthusiasm about Charlotte Yonge," Miss Findlater quotes, "among the undergraduates of Oxford in 1865 was surprising," there were regiments of which every officer owned a copy of the "Heir of Redclyffe," and Rossetti, William Morris and Burne-Jones "took Sir Guy as their model"; who would have thought it! But Miss Findlater's article is suggestive rather than critical.

IT is difficult to estimate the influence of fiction today, but there can be no doubt that it is very great. The amount of time spent by hundreds of thousands of readers in the reading of novels passes computation, and there are very many whose whole outlook on life is based upon fiction. It is not probable, scarcely believable, that such an influence can be wholesome. It might become so, of course, were our present-day works of fiction true to life and human nature, but as matters stand it is a deplorable fact that the vast majority of readers in this country devote themselves to fiction and newspapers, neither very safe guides to a knowledge of truth.

PUBLISHERS are often censured for not issuing masterpieces instead of second or third class literature. I wonder how many people outside the inner circle realise what terrible rubbish is being continually offered to publishing houses in the hope apparently that it may see the light of print. What weary work is that of a publisher's reader, miles and miles of type-written and hand-written copy to look through and how few grains of wheat amid the mass of chaff! Most often a glance at a MS. is enough to determine its fate; sometimes, however, many pages have to be read before the reluctantly unfavourable opinion is formed. Then not infrequently the reader is vexed to see how a 'prentice hand has frittered away a good idea or how a fine writer is wasting his force in beating the air. Only at very rare intervals is the discovery made of a MS. which is worth careful consideration, still more rarely does there come from an unknown writer a work worth publishing.

VERY unbusinesslike are the proceedings of many who desire to see their books published or their articles and

stories accepted by the magazines. Take an example. The majority of magazines have a more or less decided line of policy with regard to stories and articles, yet editors are pestered with MSS. utterly unsuited to their pages. They are also worried and wearied with articles



DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.

[Photo. James Hyatt, Mortimer Street, W.]

on subjects which have already been recently dealt with, and, a very common occurrence, are offered tales and essays ludicrously late—e.g. Christmas matter sent in long after all the Christmas numbers have gone to press. A little business forethought and common sense would save many a disappointment to would-be contributors and worry to editors and publishers'

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readers. Editors want good, fresh, *suitable* copy and do not reject proffered contributions through carelessness or for the fun of rejecting them.

EVEN as editor of this journal I receive many a MS. which I need but glance at to see that it is quite unsuitable. Articles many thousand words in length, articles upon subjects quite outside the lines upon which the paper runs, poems, letters running to two or three columns in length. It is not pleasant to be compelled to say "No" so often; as Thackeray found to his cost, there are thorns in the editorial cushion. On the other hand how much good copy and interesting there is yet unwritten! How many men and women there are who have the materials but never do or perhaps never can use them! The Editor's lot in life would be eased if only would-be contributors were business-like and a little less thoughtless.

MRS. DE COURCY LAFFAN sends me two pleasant little booklets, one dealing with "The Companionship of Books," and the second with "Warwickshire Echoes in Shakespeare's Plays." The latter subject has never yet been exhausted; perhaps Mrs. Laffan will some day write more at large concerning it; it is usual to say that there are already too many books about Shakespeare, but if beaten tracks be left there are still many which should, and I hope will, be given us.

THERE are books which are not books, as Lamb has told us, though they be paper and print. To such belongs "Specification," of which the issue for 1904 lies before me. To architects, surveyors, and engineers this bulky volume must be a *sine qua non*, and even to the inexpert it is not wholly without interest. There are, for instance, some fascinating illustrations, which appeal to antiquary and artist as well as to the architect: those, for instance, of details of a house at Lisieux, of the Church of Notre Dame, Senlis, and of the North and South Churches of Hayling Island: some even of the working drawings are instructive to the lay mind.

MESSRS. APPLETON will publish in America, probably in June, the second volume of "Memoirs" by Madame Adam, under the title "My Literary Life." Mrs. Hugh Fraser has written a novel of Japanese life, which will be published by Dodd, Mead & Co., in the States.

MR. JOHN CORBIN, the dramatic critic of "The New York Times," has written for the April "Scribner's" an article on "Playgoing in London." Mr. Corbin is well qualified to deal with the subject and it will be interesting to see ourselves with American eyes. Mr. Frank Craig and Mr. Raven-Hill have drawn the illustrations.

THE Niagara campaign during the war of 1812 will form the subject of Captain Mahan's article in the same issue.

JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS has promised to write a volume on "Wellington" for "The Heroes of the Nations," to which series he has already contributed "Napoleon" and "Hannibal."

THERE is a good article on the late Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, by Dr. J. H. Bernard in "The New

Liberal Review," from which I quote a characteristic comment made by the Provost when it was suggested that the college library should subscribe for the publications of the Henry Bradshaw Society:

"It is quite right for a library to go on subscribing for books that nobody reads. What small fraction of the books in the library is ever opened in the course of a year? There is no limit to human eccentricities, and no doubt there must be some people who read Henry Bradshaw books, or at least like to have the power of doing so, if the fit should seize them. But all these Societies for reprinting unreadable books, Wyclif Society, Parker Society, Anglo-Catholic Theology, &c., are chiefly for the benefit of vendors of waste paper."

SCRIBNER'S is capital as ever; there is the continuation of Mrs. George Bancroft's letters, with very interesting illustrations, some of which, however, are not very well printed; a beautiful series of drawings "Music and Life" by Howard Chandler Christy; Captain Mahan's "The War of 1812," and an article on Richard Strauss by James Huneker.

"THE BOOKMAN" for March devotes itself chiefly to Milton, concerning whom Mr. J. H. Lobban writes in interesting fashion; the illustrations, as ever, are excellent. Altogether British bookmen have reason to be grateful for so capital a periodical as "The Bookman" now is.

Two hundred pounds have been received in response to the appeal published early in February on behalf of the rebuilding of Lower Brixham Church, Devon, in memory of the author of the hymn, "Abide with Me." But £2,000 is the sum needed for its completion, and the Vicar, the Rev. Stewart Sim, will be glad to acknowledge any sums sent to him for this purpose by lovers of the hymn. A morning concert, under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Christian, will be given on May 10, at Grosvenor House, and will be supported by many influential West Country ladies. Madame Clara Butt will sing "Abide with Me" at the concert, and twelve other well-known artists have kindly given their services. Tickets, £1 1s. each, may be obtained from the Hon. Sec. of the concert, Lady Maxwell Lyte, 3 Portman Square, or from Messrs. Mitchell, Old Bond Street.

THERE is an interesting article in "The New York Bookman" upon "What English Books are known in Japan." Highest in favour stand—who would guess it?—Irving's "Sketch Book," closely pressed by Gray's "Elegy" and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," all of which possess that sense of beauty which so appeals to the Japanese. Rossetti and Swinburne have their devotees, and "Hall Caine is unknown in Japan, except as a friend" of the former. How many Japanese poets are familiar names in this country?

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS sums up Hawthorne's work thus—all "is in one form or another 'handling sin.' He had the Puritan sense of it, in the blood, and the power to use it artistically, in the brain." Summary criticisms are dangerous, but on the whole this one seems to be full and just—on the whole, for it barely touches that mysterious sense of another world at work in this so typical of Hawthorne's writings. The whole article—in "The Lamp"—is well worth study.

"THE BOOK MONTHLY" started well and improves month by month. The March issue, among other good

matter, contains a pleasant personal appreciation of Mr. George Meredith by Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, and there are some good notes upon recent Continental literature.

FROM "The Reader Magazine" I quote: "Excuse me, but I'm not quite sure about the title of the book I want. Is it 'The Crockett Minister' by Stickit or 'The Stickit Minister' by Crockett?" The quotation is from an amusing paper on "The Pitfalls of Book Titles." Other samples of mixture are given, "The Scarlet Letter" for "The Red Badge"; "The Count of Corpus Christi"; and Ouida's "Moths" has been accepted by a servant sent to the library in place of Lubbock's "Ants." There is a good deal in a name, as publishers well know.

THE future of the daily newspaper in this country has been the subject of much discussion during past days. Will the present halfpenny papers affect the prices of those journals which are still fixed at one penny? Will "The Standard" and "The Daily Telegraph," for example, ever announce a reduction of price? Also, when will competition cease? Will a farthing daily be the next move? Will the time come when readers will be paid to take in a daily paper the proprietors of which will reap their harvest solely from the advertising columns? Seriously, does this keen competition tend toward the dignity of journalism? We were wont as a nation to be proud that our newspapers were not as other nations' are, but soon we may find that comparisons will be odious. Startling headlines and "written up" news are not the be-all and end-all of journalism. Newspapers, too, often have a disastrous influence in diplomacy.

AFTER several years of slightly clouded fortunes, the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts appears to be entering upon a period of renewed prosperity. The Institute had for many years been housed in its own premises, but when the pictures belonging to the Corporation of Glasgow were removed to the new galleries in Kelvingrove, the directors sold their building and leased the old Corporation Galleries in Sauchiehall Street. There, they have opened the forty-third annual exhibition of the Institute with a collection of over nine hundred exhibits in painting, sculpture, and other forms of art. The loan pictures include a portrait of Quin, the actor, by Gainsborough, lent by his Majesty the King; Sargent's "Children of Asher Wertheimer, Esq.;" Orchardson's "Queen of Swords"; Tadema's "Pyrrhic Dance," lent by the Corporation of London; Constable's "Barges on the Stour"; portraits by Raeburn, and examples of Corot, Millet, Sidaner, and others. In sculpture Rodin is represented by his head of the late W. E. Henley.

THE characteristic of the Exhibition is its level standard of solid achievement. There is no sensation; no work that looms large in the view to the overshadowing of the ruck of the paintings. Here and there, it may be, the abundance of space at their command has rendered the Hanging Committee more than kind to the slender virtues of some of the exhibits; and one has a feeling that the very commodiousness of the Galleries, while it will simplify the work of the hangers, may have just a tendency to lower the standard of excellence in the works. But the future may be left to itself; there is little in this year's show calling for animadversion on the score of lowness of quality. The President of the Royal Scottish Academy is represented

by a single portrait; and but few of the well-known Scottish painters are absentees. What may be termed a literary picture is Duncan McKellar's "Robert Burns at Loudoun Manse," the home of the Rev. Dr. Lawrie, who may be said to have been the poet's one friend among the clergy, and who sent to the blind poet Blacklock the little book of poems published at Kilmarnock, which action was the direct means of introducing Burns to Edinburgh society and to the pecuniary profits of the Edinburgh edition of 1787.

THE irritability of poets is notoriously shared in full degree by painters; and this trait has had an amusing exemplification in the Glasgow show. Among the painters invited to send works were MM. Jean Delville and Paul Artot, two of the professors in the Glasgow School of Art. The treatment of these gentlemen at the hands of the Hanging Committee has called forth some public comment. While, however, M. Delville has accepted the situation, M. Artot was so little pleased with the place assigned to his picture that he demanded its withdrawal. The Committee refused to move, and the irate artist cut away the canvas, leaving the empty frame on the wall. This the Committee promptly removed. As exemplifying a different point of view it may be mentioned that an eminent Scottish artist has given it as his opinion that in this exhibition no good picture has been badly hung.

IN connection with the exhibition an anonymous donor has given £600 for the purchase of works to be added to the Corporation Art Galleries collection. The selection has been made by a small committee of artists and laymen, who have chosen three works. Mr. H. H. La Thangue's "Provençal Winter," rich with blossom and golden fruit, is one of these; another is Mr. W. Y. Macgregor's large painting of "Durham, Evening"; and the third is Mr. George Houston's "Ayrshire Landscape," a vast stretch of country painted in low tones, with singular beauty and softness. The choice of these works has met with general approval.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—On Tuesday next (March 15), at five o'clock, Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge will deliver the first of two lectures on "The Doctrine of Heaven and Hell in Ancient Egypt and the Books of the Under-world," and on Thursday (March 17), at the same hour, Mr. Sidney Lee commences a course of two lectures on "Shakespeare as Contemporaries knew him." The Friday evening discourse on March 18 will be delivered by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones on "The Foundations of a National Drama," and on March 25 by Professor Dewar on "Liquid Hydrogen Calorimetry."

Bibliographical

THE bibliographies given with each volume of the current "Library Edition" of Ruskin have always been, and continue to be, a valuable feature thereof. On Tuesday Mr. Allen issued the three volumes containing "The Stones of Venice," and it may interest and even be useful to some of my readers, if I condense into a few lines the leading facts given by the bibliographer. It is well known that the work originally consisted of three volumes. Of these, Vol. I. came out in March 1851, and it is notable that a second edition did not appear till September 1858. For this the text had been slightly revised, and some appendices omitted. Volume II. was issued in July 1853, and republished with very few alterations in March 1867—a very long interval.

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Volume III. appeared in October 1853, and was not reissued till April 1867—another long interval. The first edition of the whole work (the text following that of the second edition of the separate volumes) was brought out in October 1873, and not until July 1886 was there a second edition of it (with additions from the "Travellers'" edition). An edition of the whole work on a smaller scale was issued in June 1898, and reprinted in 1900 and 1902.

The "Travellers'" edition alluded to was a selection from the complete work, made by Ruskin himself, endowed by him with a new chapter, and issued in two volumes—the first in July 1879, the second in 1881. Of this selection there were further editions in 1881-5, 1884-8, and 1888-90; it was also reprinted in 1892, 1894, 1896, 1897, 1900. An authorised edition of it, introduced by Charles Eliot Norton, appeared in New York in 1891; there were, of course, many unauthorised American editions. It may be noted further that the chapter in Volume II. on "The Nature of Gothic" was reprinted, by permission, twice in 1854, and sold for the benefit of the funds of the Working Men's College; it was also reprinted in 1892, by William Morris, at the Kelmscott Press, and in 1899 by Mr. Allen.

In 1897, Mr. R. Farquharson Sharp, of the British Museum, published through Mr. George Redway a volume described on the title-page as "A Dictionary of English Authors," and on the first page of the text, less accurately, as "A Concise Dictionary of English Literature." So far as it went, it was a very useful publication, but it was marked by numerous unaccountable omissions. Mr. Sharp had ignored (with others) the following writers, then or since deceased: Alexander Bain, George Bancroft, T. Haynes Bayly, Shirley Brooks, G. W. Cable, Thomas Carew (!), Sidney Dobell, George Gissing, James Grant (of "The Romance of War"), Dr. Gordon Hake, Lionel Johnson, Edna Lyall, H. S. Merriman, St. George Mivart, Cosmo Monkhouse, J. Cotter Morison, C. Kegan Paul, Sir Walter Raleigh (!), T. W. Robertson, W. Bell Scott, F. R. Stockton, Bayard Taylor, "Artemus Ward," Charles Dudley Warner, Augusta Webster, and Oscar Wilde. I am glad to see that, in the new edition of the "Dictionary," just issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul, there is an appendix in which all the above-named writers duly figure, and in which many of the notices in the body of the book are brought down to date.

That is well; but there are still some inexplicable blanks in Mr. Sharp's volume. Why, for example, is poor Blair, of "Grave" fame, omitted? And again, why does one look in vain for Mrs. Hodgson Burnett? Mr. Sharp would have done well to omit all living writers, who are sufficiently cared for in "Who's Who," and, indeed, need a little "Dictionary" all to themselves. That is the rock on which Chambers' new "Cyclopaedia of English Literature" has split. It has attempted to deal with contemporaries, and has come to grief, both in its admissions and its omissions.

Messrs. Bell & Sons seem to have in hand a re-issue on thin paper of works selected from Bohn's Libraries. These libraries were very valuable in their day, and even now they include editions which have not been superseded. The promised reprint of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" will, I presume, present in a cheap form the edition in three volumes, supervised by Mr. A. R. Shilleto and introduced by Mr. A. H. Bullen, which was published by Messrs. Bell in 1893 at 31s. 6d., and in 1896 at 10s. 6d. The only other edition of the "Anatomy" of recent years is that which Messrs. Chatto issued in 1881 at 7s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., and

which, I take for granted, is still procurable. The proposed reprint of Coleridge's "Friend" will be welcome; the work is by no means so well known as is to be desired. The poet's "Aids to Reflection," which is also to be reprinted, was published by Messrs. Bell just twenty years ago at 3s. 6d., and in the following year, by another firm, at 2s. The announced reprint of Miss Burney's "Evelina" testifies anew to the recent re-growth of that lady's reputation.

Among Messrs. Methuen's announcements I note reprints of selections from "The Anti-Jacobin" and of Pierce Egan's "Life of an Actor." Of the former we cannot very well have too much; in a handy volume it will be especially acceptable. I cannot recall the issue of any such volume during recent years. Pierce Egan's book was reprinted in 1891 in two forms—at 6d. by Messrs. Dicks, and at 14s. by Messrs. Pickering. The latter, of course, reproduced the coloured etchings by Lane, without which the "Life" is of very small account.

Fancy Newman's "Apologia" for sixpence! In 1885 Messrs. Longman published it at 6s.; in 1890 they issued it at 3s. 6d. One likes to believe that so historic a work has a sixpenny public.

THE BOOKWORM.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

A new work on Bedfordshire local history is in the press, and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock very shortly, entitled "Dunstable: Its History and Surroundings." It is written by Mr. Worthington G. Smith, whose researches in the district are well known. Very full information is given in the work on the Roman and pre-Roman periods, while the Saxon and Norman periods are dealt with, and the folklore, traditions, architecture, geology, natural history, and botany of the district are fully represented under their various sections. The volume will be fully illustrated with sketches, photographs, and maps.—Messrs. Spottiswoode & Co., Ltd., are about to issue from the Eton College Press a new periodical to be called "Etoniana," which will deal with the antiquities and history of Eton College. They will also publish immediately the second part of "Bygone Eton," a series of views of Eton in the past.—Messrs. Bell have completed their arrangements for the issue of a new series of thin paper reprints to be entitled "The York Library." The volumes to be included in the series will be drawn in the main, but not entirely, from "Bohn's Libraries," and will be issued in an attractive form, on thin but opaque paper. Where necessary the volumes will be revised and re-edited, and care will be taken to obtain the best possible texts, which will in all cases be printed complete and unabridged. Introductions and notes will be added where they seem to be called for.—Mr. John Lane will publish on the 22nd inst. a new romance by Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, entitled "The Napoleon of Notting Hill." Mr. Lane will also publish on the same date Herman Melville's "Typee," edited by W. Clark Russell, with notes by Marie Clothilde Balfour. This volume will be an addition to the New Pocket Library.—The Lectures on Painting which were delivered in January to the students of the Royal Academy by Mr. George Clausen, A.R.A., are to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock immediately. The volume will be illustrated by numerous reproductions of the pictures of great masters and sketches by the author.—A new novel by Mr. A. G. Hales, the well-known war correspondent of the "Daily News," will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on March 14. The title is "The Watcher on the Tower," the period being that of Napoleon's invasion of Russia.—To the thin paper reprint of the "Mermaid" series Mr. Unwin will add on March 14 "Nero, and Other Plays," edited by H. P. Horne, Arthur Symons, A. W. Verity and Havelock Ellis, and "The Best Plays of Thomas Dekker" with notes by Ernest Rhys.

Reviews

A Brilliant Dulness

ENGLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. A Study of the Rise and Influence of British Power within the Straits, 1603-1713. By Julian S. Corbett. 2 Vols. (Longmans, 24s. net.)

In history, one good book makes many. Captain Mahan's celebrated work has set writers investigating the history of sea power, and may lead to our possessing a body of scientific naval records worthy of our unique Navy. This work of Mr. Corbett's is a fine book, carefully but not too minutely documented, and as interesting as a good novel. It is a worthy successor to his books on Drake and the Elizabethan sailors.

And yet, as the author says in his preface, it would seem that the early Stuart days were hopelessly dull after the brilliant Elizabethan romance. Still, as he tells us of them, they are not dull at all. This is partly because of his skilful treatment and graphic style, but chiefly because in the inglorious annals of the Stuart Navy we see more clearly the working out of great laws of historical development. The true student of history often takes the greatest pleasure in some dry record of dull proceedings or even of absolutely abortive attempts to do something; for in these he may see most clearly the tendencies guiding nations and statesmen, often against their own will and without their own knowledge. To know what happened is the first task of historical study; but to know how and why it happened is the real aim of the student and the historian.

It is plain, on the most cursory survey of the modern history of the Mediterranean, that some general law was drawing the British Navy to the Midland Sea. The Elizabethans were singularly timid of venturing past the Rock, though the appearance of an English fleet there would have crippled Spain by land and greatly weakened her by sea. The bulk of native Spanish troops for the Netherlands were shipped over to Italy and marched north by Franche-Comté. Italian regiments, too, might have been kept at home by a naval menace. But the golden lure of the Indies drew men away. It was only slowly that the Sea Powers came to interfere with the Mediterranean.

Omnis origo pudenda is a true maxim, and it is certainly true of the development Mr. Corbett recounts. A privateering ruffian named Ward, who had shipped on a royal pinnace soon after James I. came to the throne, won over some sailors of the crew to steal a bark chartered by a Catholic recusant. With this he seized a larger ship, and took service under the piratical ruler of Tunis. Here he and other rascals taught the Barbary corsairs to build the sailing ships that had beaten the galleys off the ocean. With these they did so much damage that the Spaniards had to bring their sailing galleons from the Atlantic. The Duke of Osuna, the famous Viceroy of the Two Sicilies, with a French corsair for his instructor, built a squadron of broadside sailing ships to cope with the Algerines. Venice, threatened by Spain, hired English and Dutch armed merchantmen, and this irregular intervention was followed by the despatch of a regular fleet in 1620 under Sir Robert Mansell. It was aimed ostensibly against the Algerines, in alliance with Spain; but the Spaniards never rested till they got the fleet recalled.

The English navy did not return till 1650, in chase

of Prince Rupert's Royalist fleet, which had been harboured in Portuguese and Spanish ports. Then the Dutch naval war drew the fleets of Holland and England to fight out their quarrel on the highway of the Levant trade. Finally Blake's appearance in the Mediterranean drove Mazarin to come to terms with the Commonwealth and overbid the Spaniard for alliance.

Yet, singularly enough, it was France that invited England to a permanent occupation of a Mediterranean port. France, unable herself to support Portugal openly against Spain after the Peace of the Pyrenees, forwarded Charles II.'s marriage with Catherine of Braganza, which gave us Tangiers and Bombay, the beginnings of Mediterranean and Indian empire. This was done with a purpose, indeed, and the purchase of Dunkirk was part of the bargain. It is interesting to note how Mr. Corbett defends this transaction, and I think with justice. Dunkirk, if retained, would have been a perpetual source of trouble and danger, from both France and Spain; and for naval purposes it was unnecessary, serving no end that could not be answered by the English harbours opposite it.

The story of the failure of Tangiers is well told by Mr. Corbett. His narrative is calculated to give a view higher than that generally taken of Charles II.'s statesmanship. All through the record we see the same tendency, baffled again and again, always recurring. At last the permanent lines of naval strategy were laid down by Admiral Russell's cruise of 1694 in the Mediterranean with the allied fleet—a movement which Mr. Corbett marks as the turning-point of the war of William III. Louis XIV. made haste to detach Savoy from the Alliance by bribes; and in 1695 he was for the first time clearly overweighted by William.

Finally comes the climax of the story in the great strategy of the War of the Spanish Succession, which Mr. Corbett ascribes unhesitatingly to Marlborough. 1704 was not only the year of Blenheim, but the year of Gibraltar, and from that time the Mediterranean has never lost the sight of the British ensign.

I hope Mr. Corbett will follow up his record with the richer and more interesting story of the later development of the Mediterranean fleet. He is inclined to overrate, perhaps, the effect of naval movements on international policy; every specialist exalts his own province. But other historians are far more inclined to leave it out of sight. The complicated politics of Southern Europe from 1713 to 1793 would be wonderfully lit up by a clear record of what was done and planned in naval matters. To the wild witches' dance of eighteenth-century diplomacy, the British sailor's hornpipe contributed not a few figures.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

"The Shores of Old Romance"

MARSH-COUNTRY RAMBLES. By Herbert W. Tompkins. (Chatto. 6s.)

Oh, for a day in Essex in the spring! A wish that will seem curious to those ignorant folk who look upon Essex as a dismal flatland, but understandable to those who have realised that it is one of the most delightful of our counties. This eastern county, with its mud-bound shores and reedy creeks, has a charm somewhat akin to that possessed by Broadland; it is a county of

slow-running rivers, of gentle hills and placid vales, of luxuriant meadows and fields, a land of birds and flowers and trees. Mr. Tompkins is a born rambler, and has in "Marsh-Country Rambles" given us fellow-ramblers a volume of sheer delight. He rambles in the true spirit of a lover of Nature; foul weather as well as fair has its beauties for him, he loves Nature as a friend, and he writes in the first person, as do all worthy ramblers.

Essex is a happy land of marshes, as our author proves to us, for there is about the marshes a serenity of beauty that is known only to low-lying countries. The first day, as with the first day in Holland or on the Broads, is apt to prove disappointing to the newcomer; he looks for that which he will not find, but soon finds that for which he did not think of looking, that which cannot be found elsewhere. Mr. Tompkins carries us to the banks of the Colne, the Blackwater, the Crouch; to Wakering Marsh, to Rochford and Stambridge, to Maldon, to his own particular and nameless island, to the land of "Mehalah," to St. Osyth and to Mersea; when occasion arises he tells us the old tales of the Saints and other holy men, of piratical Northmen and picturesque but bloody-minded smugglers; church, hall, and village inn all find their proper places in his pictures; plants, flowers, birds, fishes, all figure in his pages.

How near to, yet how far from, London are some of these quiet Essex villages; "The sight of three strange men," says our guide, philosopher, and friend, "caused no small stir among the cottage folk, and more than one wee islander"—it was on Foulness—"was held up at the window or in the open doorway to watch us pass"; and here is a vignette: "We found ourselves before a window of tiny panes, which gave light to one who was busy with his pipe, newspaper, and beer . . . here, surely, I might hope to meet some unsophisticated rustic, some man whose only wisdom is the wisdom of the wayside, some veteran whose world is the Essex archipelago . . . nor was I disappointed. Hardly had we grouped ourselves around the fire, when we were joined by two ramblers who had crossed by the ferry from Burnham; and then the door opened slowly and there entered a broad-shouldered Essex patriarch. Father Time had laid his hand heavily upon him, and he stooped painfully under the burden of his years; but his speech was cheerful, with a touch of that dry humour which is at all times wholly irresistible. He lives, I will answer for it, in Thanksgiving Street." There are stories of ghosts, murders and superstitions, for your marshmen are ever superstitious, hearing as they do daily strange voices upon the waters and uncanny sounds upon the quaking shore, and there are, too, wondrous tales of the shooting of birds. Mr. Tompkins has a warm place in his heart for all the good things of Nature, but keeps his warmest for the birds.

Altogether a delightful example of the wander-book, for which we are very thankful. Those who know Essex will welcome the volume for auld acquaintance sake, those who do not will read it with great pleasure and profit. But why is there no map? What does a wander-book do without a map?

Old French Ballads

LE ROMANCERO POPULAIRE DE LA FRANCE. CHOIX DE CHANSONS POPULAIRES FRANÇAISES. Textes critiques par George Doncieux, avec un avant-propos et un index musical par Julien Tiersot. (Bouillon, 15f.)

GEORGE DONCIEUX died March 21, 1903, at the age of 46, leaving the work before us half-printed. Friends

took it in hand, and saw it through the press; and M. Tiersot furnished a preface in which he gives some details of the author and his work. Coming to Paris from Lyons in 1877 Doncieux contributed numerous articles of literary and dramatic criticism to the "Paris Journal," the "Monde" and the "Contemporain," and poems to various poetical collections and miscellanies. The latter will be shortly published in a separate volume. Greatly attracted by the charm of mediæval poetry and popular legends, he finally devoted himself entirely to the study of that subject. At the suggestion of Gaston Paris, he published in the "Romania" in 1891 his study on "La Pernette," a study that formed the nucleus of the present volume, the purpose of which, according to the author, is not only to give the public a wide and characteristic collection of French popular songs based on their primitive texts, but also to offer the results of a careful critical study of their themes, origin, development, transformations, and of their relations to the traditional songs of the different nations of Europe.

In the introduction Doncieux deals generally with the elements, distinctive character, language and peculiarities of ancient popular French poetry. He discusses the rhythm and verse construction, the language and style, and the themes of the ballads. His observations on the last point are extremely interesting. Sometimes an historical event forms the frame-work for anonymous actors in an atmosphere from which all local colour has disappeared; at other times the subjects are taken from the Gospels and the lives of the Saints (the Old Testament has furnished nothing to French ballad literature), or are supplied, translated or derived from foreign legends; the rest are romantic tales or purely poetical fictions due solely to the balladmongers' imagination. Of those poems Doncieux says in an eloquent passage:

"They abound in vague, tender, sportive, or melancholy situations, in oaths of eternal fidelity, in declarations of love, in timid confessions that need to be encouraged, in regret for dead loves or for uncongenial unions, in the cunning tricks of lovers to obtain their hearts' desire; sometimes we have a more striking picture—a woman separated from her lover, ardently desiring death; a girl who, betrayed and abandoned by a fickle youth for a richer rival, kills herself; a widow who throws herself into her husband's grave; an affectionate friend who dies on the coffin of 'sa mie'; a bold gallant drowned in sight of his fair lady; a ruined girl who flees from her family; a long absent husband who on his return finds his wife married to another; vengeance, abductions, the innocent murdered, the guilty chastised, the sufferings of women persecuted by their husbands or parents, suicides of outraged virgins—as many sad, poignant or tragic situations may be found here as in Shakespeare's plays or Balzac's 'Human Comedy.' Indeed the popular ballad is in its way a mirror of loving and suffering humanity."

Doncieux employs a uniform method in presenting his study of each poem. He begins with a geographical catalogue of each version, that is, he arranges chronologically under the names of the province, district, department, town or village, all the known versions, so that the reader can at a glance gain a notion of the relative age of the texts as well as of their geographical distribution. The name of the editor, and, when possible, of the collector, is carefully noted. A rhythmical definition of the ballad follows, and then comes its text. Lastly we have the commentary, analysis, and study of the theme, the genealogy and ramifications of its different forms traced back to its earliest germ so far as such an investigation is possible. A very full bibliography

giving all the authorities used by the author—the only work in the English language referred to is the American collection of English and Scottish ballads edited by J. F. Child—is prefixed. M. Tiersot's musical index forms an appendix.

The volume contains a number of most interesting things. For instance, we learn how the subsidiary theme of "La fausse morte amoureuse" which plays an important part in "La fille du roi Loys" is the same story as that used by Lope de Vega in his "Castelvines y Monteses," and by Shakespeare in "Romeo and Juliet"; that the English ballad "The two Clerk's sons of Oxenford" is a later elaboration of the French ballad "Les écoliers pendus"; that the main story of "Cymbeline" may be found in "Les anneaux de Maranson"; that "La marquise empoisonnée" is the germ of Scribe's "Adrienne Lecouvreur"; that Victor Hugo in the fifth act of "Marion Delorme" uses a situation similar to one in the ballad of "Pierre et Françoise"; and that the story of Judith and Holofernes became that of "Renaud, le tueur des femmes," who after drowning thirteen women in a fish-pond was himself drowned in it by the fourteenth. Balzac, Zola, and Maupassant, not to mention our own Tennyson, have all turned to excellent account the theme of "Le retour du mari soldat," in which after a long absence the husband returns to find that his wife, thinking him dead, has married again, and that the only thing left for him is to say:

"Adieu, la femme et les enfants!
Je m'en retourne au régiment."

Of the poetical and literary charm of these old ballads it is not here the place to speak. We will only further record that the excellence of M. Doncieux's scholarly and critical contribution to folk-lore makes his early death the more to be regretted. Gaston Paris' words regarding his own intellectual attitude—"What awakens and sustains the ardour of the scholar, in researches that may sometimes seem scarcely worth the time and trouble they take, is the thought that he is helping to build that great monument, the history of the human mind"—may well be applied to Doncieux, who like his master was a seeker after truth, and no specialist in the narrow sense of the word.

ROBERT BROWNING. By Edward Dowden. The Temple Biographies. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

TILL now, Browning has not been over-fortunate in his biographers. The "Life" by Mrs. Orr was somewhat of a disappointment; it was felt that, though the writer had probably done the best with her materials, the result was, nevertheless, inadequate. Then came the compilations—Mr. William Sharp's in 1890, and, last year, Mr. G. K. Chesterton's, in which, alas! there was more of Mr. Chesterton than of Browning. Happily the task of writing the memoir for the "Temple Biographies" has fallen to the lot of Dr. Dowden, who here shows himself not only an acute yet sympathetic critic, but an eminently careful and fair biographer. The book, of course, does not come into comparison with the writer's much more elaborate "Life of Shelley." All that Dr. Dowden had to do was to provide a summary of the information already available; and this he has done in very workmanlike fashion. He has evidently absorbed all the literature of the subject, even where it has taken the form of magazine articles. The outcome of his labours is a monograph, simple, clear, sufficient. The

student of Browning will still have to go for details to Mrs. Orr, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Gosse ("Personalia"), and the Browning Letters; but for the purposes of the general reader Dr. Dowden does all that is necessary



Illustration from "Pa Gladden." (Hodder & Stoughton)

and does it most pleasantly as well as accurately. Particularly agreeable is his treatment of the love-making which preceded Browning's marriage; it is marked by much tender humour. Dr. Dowden does not draw a sharp dividing line between his biographical and his critical pages. On the contrary, the criticism arises out of the biography, Browning's several publications being dealt with in their chronological order. This may not satisfy everybody; but, seeing that Dr. Dowden's main duty is biographical, we think he has adopted the right course. The method certainly helps to illustrate the intellectual development of the poet. It is always important to know the circumstances in which a writer produces his works, the conditions by which they were affected. In this respect the book before us should prove useful. It should also supply the student with many fruitful suggestions. Great as has been the bulk of the criticism on Browning, to which Dr. Dowden has himself contributed, there is nevertheless much in this volume which will come freshly to many. The analysis of the plays is particularly well done. "Browning's tragedies are tragedies without villains. The world is here the villain, which has baits and bribes and snares wherewith to entangle its victims, to lure down their mounting aspirations, to dull their vision for the things far-off and faint" (page 55). "In creating his chief *dramatis personæ*, Browning distributes among them what he found within himself, and they fall into two principal groups—characters in which the dominating power is intellect, and characters in which

* Cf. Bédier, Hommage à Gaston Paris (Champion).

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the mastery lies with some lofty emotion" (page 56). Dr. Dowden elsewhere notes that, though Browning possessed "a considerable gift of humour," it was humour not of the highest or finest or subtlest kind; it was very far from the humour of Shakespeare or of Cervantes" (page 125). The book contains some excellent portraits and other illustrations.

THE ELIZABETHAN LYRIC: A STUDY. By John Erskine, Ph.D. (Macmillan, 6s.)

This is a volume of the series called "Studies in English," issued from the Columbia University of America. It is distinctly unlike the exercises, in an amazing pseudo-scientific jargon, which have brought the name of American Professor into considerable literary disrepute on this side the water. Quite the contrary, it ranks with the best work of our English Universities and thoroughly deserves its title of "a study." For here, in a volume of very moderate compass, we have a thorough investigation of the Elizabethan lyric, in its development from pre-Chaucerian times, set forth in clear and careful style. Beginning with the early form of the lyric, it traverses the period of the "Miscellanies," the Sonnets, the Song-Books, and ends with the lyric in the Drama. Further, a preliminary chapter considers the lyric in general, while a final chapter deals with the Elizabethan lyric in its metrical forms. The result is the most complete and careful treatise on the subject, in a compendious form, that we have seen.

A single section may illustrate the thoroughness of Dr. Erskine's handling—that on the lyric in the Elizabethan Song-Books. He remarks that these songs furnish the popular idea of the Elizabethan lyric; which may be defined as one of lightness, briefness, emotional quality, grace and musicalness. This singing quality is generally stated to have arisen from the early association of words with music—to have been a legacy from the music, in fact. But, as Dr. Erskine says, this shows a singular miscomprehension with regard to the character of Elizabethan music. In truth, any one who lights for the first time on an Elizabethan madrigal, with no previous knowledge of its nature, is sadly disappointed at the contrast between the music and the dainty lightsomeness of the poetry. It was the desire to sing the Italian madrigals to English words which founded the Elizabethan lyric school. Now the madrigal was not only a brief lyric form, of six to ten lines, but also a musical form adapted to this lyric stanza. The Elizabethan madrigal was often quite irregular in metrical form, provided it fitted the musical form. And this musical form was a secular adaptation of church music, serious and polyphonic in character, the parts being all of equal importance, and following each other in fugal fashion. There was no place for gaiety or lightness. But, confined to one melodic theme, it compelled brevity and succinctness in the poet, thus exerting a beneficial influence on the English song-writers who soon sprang up. How the English popular song affected it, modifying it to what was called an "Air," with a principal melody, subordination of parts, and repetition of the melody in successive stanzas—whence came the songs of Campion and the best-known Elizabethan lyrists: all this Dr. Erskine traces in a detailed and interesting examination. To many his explanation of these forms will be new and welcome. The entire book is an excellently wrought-out and attractive study of a fascinating subject, which should find a place on the shelves of every lover of literature.

EXAMINATION OF AN OLD MANUSCRIPT PRESERVED IN THE LIBRARY OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND AT ALNWICK, AND SOMETIMES CALLED THE NORTHUMBERLAND MANUSCRIPT, with a two-page facsimile. By T. Le Marchant Douse, B.A. (Taylor & Francis. 2s. 6d.)

IN 1867 there was found at Northumberland House the manuscript of an early work of Francis Bacon. It consists of four "Praises," in which the objects praised are respectively Fortitude, Love, Knowledge, and the Queen. In certain scribblings on the outer sheet that covered the manuscript proper, Baconians somehow find evidence to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Some of the scribblings are written with the MS. right way up, others with it upside down, others again slantwise. As among these scribblings the names of both Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare oftentimes occur, and as the MS. is a work by Bacon, it is necessarily regarded by some as a valuable document in the case of Bacon *versus* Shakespeare. Mr. Douse has a different, and, in our opinion, a more plausible theory. By an ingenious examination of all the scribbled words, he makes out the scribbler to have been John Davies of Hereford (1565?–1618), poet and writing master. He taught writing for a long series of years in the family of Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland, and it is supposed used the sheet in question, on which was originally written only the titles of the Four Praises and other documents contained in the fastened MS. sheets that followed, to try his pens after he had cut or mended them. Being a scholar, and a lover of literature, having acquaintance among the nobles, and also among the poets and dramatists of his day, in the semi-conscious act of random scribbling, whether to try his pens or to furnish his pupils with models of fine penmanship, it is not wonderful that he should have written, among other kindred things, such names as Shakespeare, Bacon, Sidney, Nash, the Earl of Essex, the Earl of Northumberland, and quotations from "Lucrece" and the "Jew of Malta." We have no space here for the details of Mr. Douse's examination; his conclusion is "that in John Davies of Hereford we have a witness of the very highest character, whose testimony as to the personality and achievements of his contemporaries, and especially of Shakespeare, is based on first-hand knowledge, and is incontestable."

That Mr. Douse's pamphlet is very interesting, and that his arguments are exceedingly well put, there is no gainsaying, but Shakespeare, the man, and his undying works, are happily beyond the need of any such defence.

Fiction

THE RED LEAGUERS. By Shan F. Bullock. With a map. (Methuen, 6s.) Mr. Bullock is hardly the man we should have expected to imagine so sensational an enterprise as the reconquest of Ireland by the Irish, yet this novel is characteristic of him in all but its prophecy. He gives the autobiography of an Irish adventurer from the time when he was persuaded to accept the captaincy of the Armoy commando to the date of his flight to France, when the Republic was drowning in talk. We do not have a bird's-eye view of the movement which for a space turns "E.R." into "I.R.," but we follow our guide through innocent villagers' blood into a little *cul de sac* which he makes for himself by mixing love with war. Beyond doubt this Captain Shaw, who conscientiously records the insult and scorn to which he was subject, interests enough to extort the confession that one has a sneaking regard for him. That is high praise, for it is just this sneaking regard which cannot be produced save by some one very human and therefore arrantly alive. The

principal members of Shaw's commando are a pair of artistic successes; Christy the cruel and copious, babbling of strategy and Napoleon, has the reality which satire is too humorous to provide. To palliate the excesses of his Republicans, Mr. Bullock's adventurer might have depicted the harsh aspect of Ulster Presbyterianism, but he has refrained, and the magnanimous Sassenach must imagine it for himself. What, by the way, is the value of the elaborate error in the map?

THE DELIVERANCE. By Ellen Glasgow. (Constable, 6s.) In this romance of the Virginian tobacco fields we welcome an unusual and remarkable novel, which will add fresh laurels to Miss Glasgow's fame. There is a breadth of treatment, a skilful handling of great natural emotions, an all-pervading atmosphere, which mark out this novel from most of its fellows. It is a story of natural animal instincts, of hate and love, of revenge and remorse, which, passing through the refining fire of sorrow and self-sacrifice, are finally subdued unto the life of the spirit. The entire action of the story takes place in a little village in Virginia some thirty years after slavery was abolished. Christopher Blake, a young giant of the soil, is the rightful but defrauded owner of Blake Hall, where his ancestors had gallantly if recklessly lived for two hundred years. His birthright has been taken from him by his father's one-time overseer, who took advantage of the Blake prodigality and heedlessness to ruin the family and send them forth homeless and penniless. Christopher Blake, his blind mother and two sisters, are living in a mere hovel when the story opens. The overseer, who has been in possession of Blake Hall for some twenty years, has a grandson and a granddaughter. Christopher attempts to pay back his debt of revenge by ruining the grandson. The story of Christopher's inevitable but fiercely fought-against love for Maria, the granddaughter, is a fine piece of writing. All the minor characters in the book are careful, vivid studies, especially that of the blind mother, who is never told of their change of fortunes, and whose injunction to her son on her death bed is "Remember to be a gentleman, and you will find that that embraces all morality and a good deal of religion." Altogether a book instinct with life, not paper-and-ink life, but real life; the characters live and breathe, hate and love with an unforgettable intensity and truth.

PA GLADDEN. By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.) The "Pa Gladden" stories will probably be familiar to many readers through the medium of American magazines, in which they have been appearing for some time past. The early death of the authoress after these her first attempts at literature has given an added interest to the tales. "Pa Gladden" is a delightfully quaint character in his whole-hearted generosity, his tenderly optimistic views of mankind, that reminds one a little of that well-known heroine of American fiction, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Pa Gladden has many of the characteristics that endeared Mrs. Wiggs to so many readers. The little rosy-cheeked man, tender alike to man and beast, who sees the hand of his Creator in every thing, and hears His voice in every sigh of the wind or ripple of the stream, is a distinct personality. Perhaps to the English reader the dialect is a little too broad to be read easily. He says to his horse Cephy, a reformed animal, "Oh yes, Cephy, I'm a pore worm jes like that wriggly brown one thar, jes an atom, ez the elder says, but I feel clean ter the bone that the Omnipotent has mastered his hull job. I don' hol' that one creetur he has made air overlooked or fergotten, nary one lost outer his jurisdiction." He and his wife, Drusilla, constitute themselves father and mother to all living things, "sence we hain't no special childern." Each of the stories is woven around Pa Gladden and one of his kindly actions. The scene at the prayer meeting when Pa Gladden rebukes Brother Adam for his self-righteous conduct is very graphic and affords a good picture of the Church of the Dutch Settlement in America. The authoress has, at any rate, evolved a character that will not readily be forgotten.

FACING THE FUTURE, OR THE PARTING OF THE WAYS. By Robert Thynne. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) On a

very slight thread of story the author has drawn into sequence the various aspects of thought in the Anglican Church: the High Church sympathy with the ritual and dogmas of the Church of Rome, the Protestant adhesion to the faith of the Reformers, and the progressive spirit which would reconcile science and religion. The narrative gathers about Dr. Thorn and his household. This reverend gentleman has been diverted from his clerical career by his mathematical pursuits, and has held for some years an Oxford professorship. The peace of his student life is suddenly broken by a letter from the Prime Minister offering him the vacant episcopal see of Twickenham. Therewith come searchings of heart as to his own convictions regarding the incertitude and contradictions which are making of the Church of England "a house divided against itself." He inclines to the party which recognises the validity of scientific methods as applied to the truths of the Christian revelation. In sharp contrast with him are two of the ritualistic order—the Rector, Dr. Deric, keeping outwardly a moderate course, though secretly a member of the various societies within the English Church working for the interests of Rome; and his curate, Reginald Lyster, openly pledged to all efforts for reunion with Rome. The author's allegiance is given to the Protestant party, but no reformer's zeal can excuse the spirit of the chapters on the Society of the Holy Cross and the Anglican Sisterhood at Tower Abbey. Therein are Jesuitical and Inquisitorial methods without a suggestion of the spiritual exaltation which justifies ascetic practices and withdrawal from the world. Not content with these studies within the Church, the book is overweighted with a summary of the philosophy of Comte, given in a conversation between the bishop-elect and his brother, an exponent of the religion of humanity. The book is not imaginative literature, despite a feeble love story, and the form of fiction seems chosen for oblique and infernal attacks upon the motives and methods of the High Church adherents. Among the virtues called forth by religious controversy, the author does not hold that "the greatest of these is Charity."

Short Notices

TWO THOUSAND MILES IN WHARFEDALE. By Edmund Bogg. Illustrated. (Heywood; Sampson; and Miles, 7s. 6d.) Wharfe, as everybody knows, is a river in Yorkshire, but by grace of the Romans she has a goddess Verbeia, whose benediction should rest on Mr. Bogg and his coadjutors for this recast of an entertaining book. One might call it monumental were it not for its chattiness and its charming illustrations, particularly those of country landscape by Mr. Owen Bowen, and the architectural drawings by Mr. Alfred Sutton. A region which includes Bolton Abbey, and recalls Harry Hotspur, and that Lord Chief Justice who committed his King's son to prison, exhorts to pilgrimage, but once started upon it the pilgrim may agreeably forget his goal. Perhaps the place of his oblivion may be Tadcaster, famous for ale. "In the reign of Edward III. there appear to have been two established brewhouses in Tadcaster . . . the former with a stock of the value of ten shillings, and the latter five shillings." Among many droll stories illustrative of Wharfedale life, the following, of a couple who lived near Bramham, suggests that there may have been a settlement of Swabians in the district. "One night, before retiring to rest, Jemmy said, 'Ah say, Nanny, we nobbut 'ev two matches i' t'hoose, ah think ah'll try 'em afore ah goa to sleep, and see if they be reight uns.'" They were "reight" then, but to his surprise they were wrong next morning. Yorkshire wit twinkles in some clerical stories. When Parson Alcock found a joker had mixed the pages of his sermon, he coolly read them as he found them, saying to his congregation, "You can digest it when you get home." The Wharfedale of to-day, however, particularly rejoices in the fame of the Rev. Robert Collyer, once a blacksmith, whose American devotees acquired the anvil on which he hammered and the bell that summoned him to work.

HADES: THE GRAVE IN HADES, OR THE CATA-COMBS OF THE BIBLE AND OF EGYPT. By S. F. Pells. (Skeffington, 5s. net.) This work is published as a kind of footnote to the author's translation of the Septuagint, the Greek version of the Hebrew Scriptures, and contains in the form of appendices, among other things, Aristeas' history of that version and the accounts of it given by Philo-Judeus and Josephus. But its immediate purpose is to show that the Old Testament teaches and implies nothing of an intermediate state, and that the requirements of the contexts in which occur the words *sheol* and *bar*, generally rendered "hell," are satisfied by the word "catacomb." The resurrection, he concludes, gains in significance and importance when we suppose the dead to rise re-created from the very dust into which in the grave (*sheol*) they have been dissolved, and in some way, too, which is not made very clear, he considers the idea consolatory to the survivors. It is not for us in the little space at our disposal to examine at length the order of his argument; but when he asks "How is it possible for the same word to mean 'grave' in one place and 'the abode of departed spirits' in another place?" we are bound to confess that the implied argument leaves us unconvinced. Is it not in fact the rule in every language to find that words by which are commonly denoted supernatural or metaphysical notions have at an earlier stage in their history natural or physical senses? Think of spirit, *anima*, *swrū a*, heaven. And the Old Testament is not a single document, or even a literature of a single age. However, Mr. Pells' account of burial customs is valuable, and the publishers have done all justice to what is on the whole a monograph of real interest.

ADVENTURES ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD. By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond (Mrs. Main). (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.) "Dear Heart," said Tommy, when Mr. Barlow had finished his narrative, "what a number of accidents people are subject to in this world!" "It is very true," answered Mr. Barlow, "but as that is the case, it is necessary to improve ourselves in every possible manner, so that we may be able to struggle against them." This improving quotation from "Sandford and Merton" is an apt text for Mrs. Le Blond's new book on Alpine climbing, its perils, risks, and necessary precautions. The book is not primarily intended for the climber, but rather for those who do their climbing in a club arm-chair, and desire all the spice of adventure with the minimum of discomfort. And really the thing could hardly be better done. Here is a fat but not unwieldy volume of some three hundred pages, replete with authentic tales of hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field, illustrated with many excellent photographs of snow, rock, crevasses, séracs, slab-climbing, glaciers, avalanches, glissades, and moraines; there is a good index, a glossary of mountaineering terms, and a dedication to Joseph Imboden, "my guide and friend for twenty years," to whose skill, courage, and helpful comradeship due and merited tribute is paid. Altogether a thoroughly interesting and well-compiled book, in every way a worthy sequel to "My Home in the Alps" and "True Tales of Mountain Adventure."

GOD AND MUSIC, by John Harrington Edwards (J. M. Dent & Co.), is a gracefully written book about music, its nature and its power, which many may read with pleasure without feeling the slightest obligation to endorse its author's conclusion that it furnishes irrefragable evidence of a personal Deity. Mr. Edwards brings together most of the fine things and a good many of the foolish ones which have been called forth by music from writers of all ages, and appears to imagine that by collating in this manner these tributes to the power of organised sound he has thereby proved his case. Those therefore who, misled by the portentous solemnity of the author's preface, peruse his work in the expectation of finding therein some new and original "evidences of Christianity" may well be disappointed. But all who are fond of music may take pleasure at least in the eloquent testimony, not to any theological system, but to the power of the art over the hearts and minds of men, which the numerous and apt quotations in Mr. Edwards' pages disclose.

Reprints and New Editions

The reprints this week now lying before me on my study table are, I am inclined to think, more interesting and numerous than usual.

I take up a small but stout grey volume with a dainty white back, which will, alas! soon lose its pristine freshness on my bookshelves, Wordsworth's **PRELUDE**. (The King's Poets. Moring, 3s. 6d. net.) It reminds me immediately of a book I have just been reading, "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen," in which Elizabeth's matter-of-fact irreverent cousin says, pointing to the Prelude, "This is great rubbish." It is the only book Elizabeth takes with her in her wanderings on the island of Rügen. "I take it wherever I go; and I have read it and read it for many summers without yet having entirely assimilated its adorable stodginess." This present edition is prefaced by an admirable introduction by Basil Worsfold, and also contains a map of the Wordsworth country. Having begun with poetry, I will glance at the other books of verse. A very small dainty volume, so small that "volume" seems too ponderous a word for it, contains another edition of Fitzgerald's **OMAR KHAYYAM**. (Methuen, 1s.) We have had so many editions that it seems hardly possible to find a home lacking the Sage of Naishápúr. If there is, I can commend this present edition, excellent alike in print and binding. What a treasure for a single shilling! Another expression of the wisdom of the East is **THE ODES OF CONFUCIUS**, rendered into verse by L. Cranmer-Byng. (The Orient Press, 1s. net.) These odes so many centuries old are still included in the ordinary school curriculum in China, called "The Shi King, or Book of Poetry." The twenty or so odes before me are taken from that volume, based on the prose translations of Professor Legge. The excellent frontispiece drawn by Mr. E. J. Sullivan to a volume of **TENNYSON'S POEMS** (Newnes, 3s. 6d. net) at once strikes the eye. The volume contains the poems written between 1830 and 1859, including "The Idylls of the King."

Now for prose. In that delightful series the "Red Letter Library" I have **THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE** and De Quincey's **CONFESIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER** (Blackie, 2s. 6d. each net), the latter containing an introduction by Charles Whibley. Side by side in this Library, yet how different in substance. Is it possible that they are united by their inherent truth? Mr. Whibley says "De Quincey was no hypocrite. His Confessions are a masterpiece of candour. He set down all things with no other desire than to tell the truth." Although De Quincey belongs to the century just passed away, he was to the end of his life as much a Pagan in heart as was St. Augustine before his conversion. De Quincey was born out of his time.

How many childish memories Harrison Ainsworth's **TOWER OF LONDON** recalls (The Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books, Methuen, 3s. 6d. net), remembrances of closely printed pages eagerly devoured, old-fashioned woodcuts haunting childish dreams. Now it seems a very thick book to read, then it was all too short. The only fault we have to find with the present edition is that the print is rather small and trying to the eyes, a serious matter nowadays, when our eyes have so many demands upon them.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE and **DAVID COPPERFIELD** lie before me in uniform editions. (Blackie, 2s. 6d. each.) Chris Hammond's drawings almost do justice to Jane Austen's delightful creations, and this is high praise. I think I do not like the story of Elizabeth Bennet in this binding; it is too vivid, giving not the least hint of the joys to be found within. The delicate touch, the quiet humour, the exquisite yet indescribable charm of Jane Austen demand a dainty binding. I am looking at some charming pale grey volumes before me on my bookshelves. "David Copperfield," somehow, does not demand so delicate a binding; a strong serviceable cover suits the more robust humour of Charles Dickens. The illustrations to this last are admirable.

F. T. S.

Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

XIII.—On Intellectual Society

ONCE I was called distinctly cultured. My passion for literature and all the fine arts is known: I am a little proud of my library, and, to this day, I travel with pocket volumes of Catullus, Homer, Dante, Saint-Simon and one or two others, in my portmanteau. I have read, and read, and read: I have views about architecture, ethnology, medical science, politics, and virtue. To my alarm—or is it to my relief?—I find that I can no longer discuss these profound subjects with the old zest: I prefer to hear why oaks won't grow in the east plantation, why the *chef* decided to postpone his marriage, why the Bletherings no longer smile at the Winterwolds, what Sir Charles said to the grocer, and how Mrs. Garing bore the news of Colonel Tottenham's engagement. It may be very trivial, but it is, at its fittest, alive. And to be alive—even on a minute scale—is so much. Intellectual talk is all very well in its way, but it is mighty exhausting. A moment strikes when one can hear theories and criticisms no more: when long discussions of this or that book, this or that system of thought, excite terror and involve a nervous collapse: when the mere sight of a learned essay fills one with quakings, shakings, nausea: when the remarks of the tremendous Mr. X. on the enormous Mr., or Monsieur, or Herr, or Signor Y. do not seem to matter. Yet I love my books and my fine arts far better than ever. I understand them better; but I can no longer talk about them: it would seem as futile as an incessant discourse on my best friends or my nearest relatives. So, when a well-meaning acquaintance asked me the other day whether I thought the younger Dumas had much in common with Euripides, and if the Creevey Papers did not remind me of the Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz, I could no more: I said: "Not that! not that!" just as heroes say it in melodrama: I owned to the astonished scholar that I would sooner pore over "Tit-bits" and the "Referee" than hear a syllable about the French Impressionists, the Tendencies of Modern Spiritualism, or the Differences between the German and the English stage.

"Nature," said my acquaintance, "is taking her revenge. This is the result of overstudy."

Perhaps he was right, because I feel that I do no credit at all to my education, to my distinguished tutors, to my learned companions. But my most learned companions will forgive me if I confess that when we are all quite alone by ourselves, our conversation seldom turns on abstract ideas. We are scandalmongers, we retail gossip, we tell yarns about the absent, we meet to hear the news, and we do not disappoint each other. If any one of us even murmured the name of Hegel, or Maeterlinck, or D'Annunzio, or even Leopardi (for a change), I think he would soon wish he had not spoken. The wearisomeness of so-called intellectual prattle is a cause of half the depression we find among literary people. They will seldom be natural: *il faut se faire valoir* is a first principle in cultured circles: and on the accomplished creatures go: if one is mad enough to refer to a new book, lo! all the brows are knit; Aristotle and Schopenhauer, the "Revue des deux Mondes," and Walter Pater are hurled at one's bewildered brain. "But surely—" "Is it finite?" "Did Browning not say it as well?" "Has it never been said quite so

piteously before?" these fly around one's head; few are equal to the strain. As for me, I have conversation endings to match chess openings. A great favourite in endings is this: "Beyond question, Mullins is too delightful." Mullins is my generic name for the genius of the second. Sometimes, if I am still comparatively animated, I go further, and add: "Mullins deserves all that is said of him. I love Mullins."

Such candour, however, will provoke ill-will. I have known a whole company to turn round and declare that "Poor Mullins has had his vogue." I persist, "All that was ever good in Mullins remains good. Therefore, I will love my Mullins."

The joke is that they do not wish me to love Mullins. They wish me to say those things against his, or her, work which they secretly think. When I remember the useless battles I have fought for many a Mullins, I reproach myself for the wanton waste of energy. How much wiser it is to live peacefully either among the deeply learned—who are always simple—or the healthy illiterate—who are simple also.

I have heard of a lady of rare talents who married what is called an "outdoors" man. She was a charming lady, with all the insidious sympathetic grace of a born artist, and many of the usual flesh and blood attractions. But she went, accompanied by the "outdoors" man (otherwise the slave of the lamp), to queer picturesque insanitary towns in Greece, where long-haired experts were constantly finding the lost fragments of Aeschylus. The erudition of these individuals at first dazzled the "outdoors" man: then he became envious: then morose: then bored: now he is dangerously ill. Intellectual conversation has driven him frantic. When I last heard of him, however, he was digging in the sand with a professor of astronomy. They pretended that they were amusing the professor's children. I believe myself that the children were trying to relieve the anguish of two utterly weary men. Within the house the lady with the rare talents was painting a sunset, while a gentleman of languid appearance was playing "marvellous" bits from Palestrina on a mandoline—of all instruments. There are, I remember, many, many mansions in Paradise.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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Egomet

I DISLIKE uniformity. No two pictures in my room are framed alike; why should they be? The frame should be appropriate to the picture, just as a woman's costume should be suited to her face and figure, a fact of which the majority of women do not seem to be cognisant. My books are almost in the same case, for I abominate sets—at any rate sets of authors. I like to pick up my volumes of Fielding, or of Goldsmith, or of Dickens, or of Miss Austen, or of Hawthorne, one by one; Edinburgh editions and such have no attractions for me. Indeed I have few sets and those only because I needs must. Thackeray, for example; of his works I have a complete set, neatly bound in red cloth, which I was compelled to purchase, because the introductions by Mrs. Ritchie contained biographical matter not elsewhere obtainable. Of no other novelist have I any "edition." My Dickens is most varied, big volumes and little, thin and fat, plain and illustrated, and so I like it to be. There is an unfamiliar,

unfriendly air about a serried array of companion volumes ; variety in books, as in other matters, charms me.

A book buyer and a book collector are distinct personalities ; any man with money can purchase books, only a book lover will collect them. To the latter class I affirm that I belong. Rare editions, expensive éditions de luxe, have no attractions for me—even though I cannot afford them. Some of my dearest friends wear but seedy habits, some of the volumes of my choice have but shabby bindings. All that I ask for is good matter and good manner, the latter including white paper, clear, clean print, a decent margin to the pages, a simple title-page and that the volume shall open easily without complaining cracks and creaks.

Yes ; my bookshelves present a very motley appearance, the which is an additional claim upon my affection. I love, too, to arrange my volumes to suit my own will ; here stand Dickens' novels, while in a far-off corner are my Dickens books ; here is Master William Shakespeare together with lives of him, studies of him and various works upon his London, the while my other London books are in another room. Here a bookcase full of novels ; then a shelf and a half of poetry and a like space devoted to essays. Here my literary books, lives and studies ; a baker's dozen or so of volumes of English history, a handful of books upon Japan ; twenty or thirty volumes on art and architecture ; various travel books, history of Ireland books, and a spacious corner devoted to books on the noble art of cookery. Cookery books not literature, forsooth ! And, pray, why not ?

Then I had until lately a corner where I kept homeless books, which, not yet having been read, could claim no regular place. But, alas, that corner is no more and there are many books upon my shelves crying out, "Please, come read me!" So I will, big and little books, when I may.

But of all my books, next to my London and my Shakespeare, with which they are closely connected, first cousins at the least, do I love best my play and playhouse volumes. There is much good, though not always savoury, reading in dead plays, dead to the stage but living to the student of bygone days and old-time fashions. If you would know your Shakespeare's London, read his plays with a Londoner's eye and read those of his contemporaries ; what a hale, hearty town was that London of Elizabeth. I feel that I know its streets and sights and sounds better almost than I do those of the town to-day.

I never envy those who can walk into a bookshop and purchase volumes by the score ; such people must exist for the bookseller's sake, but in themselves they are nothing worth. Give me the man who, with a few spare shillings, goes out into the town, who hovers around the second-hand bookshops and who balances the value of this book and that—the value to him—before he lays down his money and takes up his treasure. Such a man am I ; how many a pleasant hour have I spent, pottering about bookshop windows. I am seldom brave enough to enter the shop until I have made up my mind to buy. As for beating down a price—I should lose my self-respect, of which I have my share, did I under-

take unseemly haggling. Even on rainy nights, I have stood comfortless before bookstalls, peering into misty windows, my money burning so that I knew I must go in and buy. Oh, the dear delight of book-buying ; is there any pleasure upon earth—or in Heaven—which with it can compare ? Not one.

E. G. O.

Mr. Gordon Craig's School of Theatrical Art

MR. GORDON CRAIG has the advantage of youth, of enthusiasm, of being a master in the art of colour, of understanding the essential art of music, and above all he appreciates the dramatic value of the action of the human body and of the human voice. He is fortunately bent on creating a school of acting.

Let us look at the stage as we know it to-day. There is one man who stands alone and above all others—Henry Irving. He is the master of every dramatic faculty—his voice, his action, his every movement utter the emotion that he would send across the footlights and arouse in your ears and hearts and eyes. He never makes a false step, never sounds a false note. With his hands he can express more than many actors with all their faculties. He can hold an audience absolutely alone. Then, a little below him, there are some dozen or a couple of dozen brilliant actors who can also hold an audience quite alone. Below these, a considerable gap, are some seventy or eighty actors who, with the aid of a few others of the like power, can hold an audience. And for the rest there are some nineteen thousand players who cannot hold an audience at all. Now it is clear that it is that mass of fourth-rate players to which we must look for dramatic salvation for the stage as a whole. And it seems to me that Mr. Gordon Craig's scheme is aimed to do just exactly this thing.

Now, in all the arts there is one thing clear : before an artist can utter the best that is in him, the craft of his art must have become a confirmed habit. The painter must not be learning how to draw or how to use his paint when he ought to be bending all his technical powers to producing the poetic emotion he wishes to transfer to his public. So Mr. Craig's aim is to make the body absolutely at ease in the rendering of the dramatic intention before the voice, and the voice likewise at ease before the living entity of a character is essayed by the player.

Enter the pupil. Mr. Craig begins by trying to dissuade the aspirant from going on the stage at all. The aspirant, being obdurate, becomes at once a part of a theatrical company to which he gives his whole service, first as an apprentice, and then as a member—a company of players all of whom are learning the elements, not with the view of being passed on to London theatres, but with the object of playing in their own theatrical company, the company in which they receive their training, and undergo that training with the ambition of eventually making that company the best in London. They are there, in fact, to produce plays. Now, obviously they are useless for the practical production of a play until they have mastered the essentials of their art. It is useless to thrust them on to a stage to merely watch a star act ; they have got to act the play themselves. So they learn first of all to express action with the mute body, then with the voice. They must, in plain terms, learn to give the audience the whole clue to their dramatic intention by the action of the body before they are allowed to speak a line. They must stand easily, move easily, express all the simple emotions easily, then proceed to the delineation of the

passions. And then, and then only, are they allowed to use the voice. As soon as they can express emotion and action with the body and voice they must play each one his separate part on the stage according to his talents—playing that part always as a part of a whole, not as a subsidiary chorus to a star—in fact, each one helping the rest to hold the audience by combination where, separately, they could not. With this theatrical school, Mr. Craig does not aim at founding a State-aided theatre, or a hobby, but a theatre that shall depend for its very existence on the public good will. With it he means to produce plays, and to stand or fall by the popular verdict upon those plays, in competition with the best playhouses in London. The elimination of the star actor is not only essential to the full development of the young actors; but it will also enable those actors to receive an all-round remuneration—not, be it noted, from any objection to the star actor; in fact, as soon as an actor shows a restless desire to get above the others, he will be free to pass on to the London theatres, where at least he will start with his faculties developed; but he will not be allowed to star, or to attempt to star, in the dramatic commonweal which is to be Mr. Craig's company. It will be seen that the school will be in a sense a repertory company. It will also produce new plays. It will produce "poetic" drama and "realistic" drama. And it will, above all things, produce poetic drama in a poetic spirit—Mr. Craig's aim in making the colour and arrangement of the scenery and grouping attune to the mood of each scene and act has already been attempted with signal success for opera and Shakespeare and Ibsen. He hopes to bring up a school of actors to work together so that colour and voice and action and every dramatic faculty in unison, the one as important as the other, shall express the emotion that the playwright desires to be transferred across the footlights into our ears and eyes and hearts. Of one thing we may rest assured, that if something is not at once done, the poetic drama will soon be a dead thing in the greatest land of poets that the world has yet seen. I have a suspicion of State-aided academies for keeping an art alive. The function of an academy is to preserve tradition; while, on the other hand, genius comes, and in order to utter itself has generally to begin by destroying tradition, bringing tradition indeed down into a clattering wreckage, and, having revivified the art of which it is the glory and the light, it dies, to become in its turn the source of a hide-bound tradition. Academies are in their essence destructive to all great creative art.

HALDANE MACFALL.

Science

The Living Mantle of God

We shall get as near as is possible, I fancy, to the materialist conception of the Cosmos by saying that it consists of two entities, matter and motion, which are constantly undergoing redistribution. The motion is regarded, at any rate by some, as a mere function of the matter, which is supposed to consist of small, hard, rounded atoms, something like very small grains of sand. More latterly, a materialist of a less unscientific school, the notorious Haeckel, of Jena, has given something more of its real importance to the motion or energy which is always associated with matter. He conceives of two inseparable entities, matter and energy, which constitute

the sum of all things. This admission of the existence of energy does not constitute him any the less a materialist, despite his quibble that energy is spirit. Now, what has contemporary science to say to this creed?

It is refuted by two sciences well-nigh as different as they can be—physics and psychology. First let us consider the judgment of physics. The small, hard, indivisible atom has totally disappeared as a tenable conception. This disappearance, curiously enough, is a blow alike to the materialists, who regarded it as the ultimate reality, and to many of their opponents, who regarded it as bearing the stamp of the "manufactured article"—to quote the phrase of a celebrated physicist of time past. But from henceforth the materialist and the supporter of the orthodox idea of "creation" must find other support than any to be derived from the atom. I need hardly reiterate here our present knowledge of the atom. My readers will remember that radium and radio-activity have shown that atoms consist of a large number of corpuscles or "electrons," which move within the atom as the planets in a solar system. But what is an electron? Is it a small, hard, rounded indivisible body, to which the name of atom should etymologically belong? Not at all, unfortunately for the materialists. The physicists have weighed the electron—which is apparently an invariable entity in all forms of matter—have measured its velocity, and have defined its properties. All its properties are electric. At first they said, "It carries a charge of electricity." Then they found that its weight—i.e., its inertia—is electric, and so they had to say, "It is a charge of electricity." Modify this a little further, and observe the significant conclusion. An electron is a unit charge of electricity. Why not then call it, as Sir Oliver Lodge suggests, an atom of electricity? But electricity is not a material thing, but a form of energy. So an electron is *an atom of energy*, and we have resolved all matter into a congeries of atoms of energy. Plainly, therefore, the term "Materialism" is out of date; all the quondam materialist has to do is to say, "Very well, it doesn't affect my position, which simply becomes one of 'energism.' I will call myself an 'energist.' My creed is that the Cosmos consists of Energy."

Obviously it was not worth while to write this article if that was the only conclusion—simply that matter had now been resolved into a form of energy, and that the term materialism could no longer hold. Spencer resolved matter into a manifestation of energy in "First Principles," forty-four years ago, and it was hardly worth while to devote an article to showing that within the last lustrum the physicists have experimentally demonstrated the truth of his reasoning. In the sense that we must refer all phenomena to energy we are all energists nowadays; but let us observe that our position is *toto coelo* apart from that of the materialists. Let us inquire into the value of our pretty verbal counters. We have resolved everything into energy, but what is energy? Don't hurry on to the next paragraph. Make up your mind quite clearly and positively. First get a definite intelligible answer to the question—if you can.

Now what has psychology to say? Psychology has disposed of the old theory of "innate ideas." Locke did that for us, but Kant regarded time and space as the *a priori* forms of thought. Oxford and Cambridge still swear by Kant, of course, but modern psychology—if, indeed, I should not say physiology—has analysed all our perceptions of time and space, and can tell us how they are formed in our consciousness. The dogma of "innate ideas" having been proved false, we have to

recognise that all we know are states of consciousness derived, as not even the idealist questions in his heart of hearts, from our sensory impressions of the external world. But only the child and the unreflecting imagine that the external world is anything like our sense-pictures of it. Conceive the fibres of the auditory nerve running to the visual centres, and those of the optic nerve running to the auditory centre, so that you see the music and hear the conductor conduct. What sort of an external world is it then? We know nothing but phenomena or appearances. The noumena, or things-in-themselves, we can never know. All philosophy converges upon this truth. Physics has resolved all things into energy. But you have tried to conceive energy, and have failed. Psychology tells us that all we know are states of consciousness which tell us of phenomena, and phenomena are the attributes of energy, whereby we know that it exists, but know it-in-itself we never can. It is the Unknowable of Spencer, who taught that we are "ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."

Science, then, gives us indeed a mechanical universe and an absolute determinism—I leave it to one of my critics to explain his use of the term "crudest determinism"—but an enlightened science, knowing psychology as well as physics, teaches that this mechanical universe is but the phenomenon, behind which there is a noumenon "from which all things proceed." Some of us go a little further: and if you agree with us, "the stars of midnight shall be dear to you," as they never could be to Wordsworth's child. They shall be dear to you because, in the words of Tennyson's profoundly philosophical poem, "The Higher Pantheism," they are "the Vision of Him who reigns." I pray you look up that poem.

"Law is God, say some; no God at all, says the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a
pool;
And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man
cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not
He?"

Pregnant and noble words, yet I give you greater, the phrase of that unique figure, unique because consummate alike as artist and scientist, the greatest of a great race, the poet-philosopher Goethe. What was his name for that which the fool in his folly was pleased to call a "fortuitous concourse of atoms"? To Goethe, as to many of us to-day, the Cosmos is "the living mantle of God."

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

AMID the dust raised by the discussion as to whether it would be well or not to found a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in London sight is sometimes lost of much good work that is already being done to extend knowledge and appreciation of Shakespeare's works among English-speaking peoples. Bare reference is all that is needed to Mr. Beerbohm Tree's and Mr. Benson's touring companies, which enable provincial towns to witness representations of Shakespeare's plays more frequently than we can in London. In a quieter but equally effective way excellently good work is being done by The British Empire Shakespeare League, which was formed three years ago, and which, though young, is influential.

It is usually forgotten that beside theatrical representation and private reading of Shakespeare's plays there is another and valuable method of studying those works, namely—public readings. It is not always possible—or profitable—to incur the expense attaching to a theatrical performance, and in addition to this consideration there are several of the plays which would not prove sufficiently attractive to the general public to make them appeal to any manager. Further, there are countless small towns and villages where no theatres exist. Further still, for purposes of stage representation in the present day of lethargy and late dinners, the plays are hopelessly shorn and lopped by actors and managers. It is in respect of all these considerations that such an association as the Shakespeare League above mentioned should be warmly supported.

UNDER the auspices of the League many professional actresses and actors have assisted in public readings in London and many large centres in the provinces. Elsewhere members of the League, after adequate and careful rehearsal, have read plays to their fellow members and to the general public. It cannot be doubted that these public readings will act as an excellent stimulant to the study of Shakespeare. Such readings at schools and colleges should prove to the younger folk that Shakespeare is not "dry rot." The annual subscription to the League is merely nominal, and all Shakespeareans will wish that it may live long and prosper, a wish that will be fulfilled if only backed by practical assistance.

IT is notable how joyless are our dramas and comedies to-day, how lacking in jollity and lightheartedness. Is the world of men and women really so old and so gray? Is the joy of life dead? Or is it merely that this state of affairs is further proof, if such were needed, of how greatly out of touch with life is the theatre? The hero of a modern drama or comedy is usually a dull dog; he takes himself and all his doings in such terrible earnest; he never lets himself go, I suppose that would be bad form; he makes love in a manner so highly polished that we cannot but feel that it is the perfection of practice; he never shows any spontaneous emotion; he walks icily through life and—to sum up—bores us as apparently he bores himself. As for the so-called Romantic drama, with a big, big R, its heroes are still more depressing; beautiful sometimes to look on, but, oh, how we long to stick a pin into them so that the sawdust may run out and the dolls collapse!

THE full-blooded vitality of the older drama is a standing wonder to us degenerate folk. When again will a playwright draw for us a live young man, with a heart that beats and with blood in his veins? One who takes no thought of the morrow or of yesterday, but revels in the sense of his being alive to-day? One who does not think or talk overmuch, but who does something or longs to do something every moment? When shall we have such another as Mercutio, who lived if ever man lived, or a Prince Hal, or a Hotspur, or a Tybalt, or even a King Claudius or Macbeth? Or a Marlow, or a Charles Surface? In fact, when again shall we be granted a man not a clothes-prop? The dramatist of to-day has apparently given up the young hero as a hopeless case and has set up in his place the man of forty, which is very flattering to the latter. There are indeed, heaven be thanked, signs of amend-

ment. A great part of the charm of "Cousin Kate" lay in the fact that this merry comedy was lighthearted and joyous; the hero was a young man full of life and energy; as we looked on we were taken away from everyday worries, we were boys and girls again and all the world was young. So was it too in "Old Heidelberg," in which Mr. George Alexander renewed his youth, to the delight of many of us.

YES, to-day we are apt to be old, serious, grim; let us offer up a prayer to our playwrights to remind us now and again that there is light in life still, that romance is not dead and that high spirits are not iminal to high thinking. Not all the problems of life are serious!

IN "The Nineteenth Century" Mr. Henry Arthur Jones delivers himself of a vigorous attack upon the drama and the theatre of to-day. With much of what he writes every one will agree, but not with all. He rightly points out that in trying to put the drama right by first setting right the theatre we are making a mistake, that we are putting the cart before the horse, but throughout his argument he seems to underestimate the value of the cart; horse and cart must be harnessed together and work in accord if any progress is to be made. His plea is that the "English drama should be recognised and judged as a distinct literary art." So is it judged, but the judges of to-day assert that the drama of to-day has no literary merit. There's the rub.

No, I do not think Mr. Jones has probed the question to the bottom. The sickness from which the drama suffers lies deep; the drama has cut itself adrift from its sheet anchor—life. A drama—or a comedy—must deal truly with some human emotion, and it must hold the mirror up to Nature. Neither of these things does the drama of the day achieve, and without them it is nothing worth, and will remain so. Then as to acting, doubtless as a body our actors are neither highly skilled nor highly trained; many of them are admirable, many are not so. What we must aim at is to bring back the drama into touch with life and to found a *répertoire* theatre where the classics of our theatre will be continually and adequately performed.

THEN Mr. Jones tilts at musical comedy. What has musical comedy done to him that he should be so bitter against it? It is not, as I have pointed out before, the increase of light musical entertainments that need be deplored, but the decrease of serious drama, high comedy, and accomplished, earnest acting. The following quotation from Mr. Jones' article will amuse: "Oh, witless debauch of grave, religious England! Oh, converse side of our Puritan buckler! Oh, undergarments of prudery! Oh, burden of bigotry too hard to be borne! Oh, systole! Oh, Exeter Hall! Oh, diastole! Oh, Leicester Square! Oh, land of blind and bitter fury against the drama! Oh, sanctimony! Oh, license! Oh, nauseous pie! Oh, botchery of all our holiday hours!"

THE Stage Society's production of Browning's "A Soul's Tragedy" will take place at the Court Theatre. In order to provide seats for the greatly increased membership of the Society the committee has found it neces-

sary to announce a further afternoon performance of the play on Tuesday, March 15, in addition to that already fixed for Monday, March 14. This will make it possible for a limited number of seats to be sold to



MISS ELLEN TERRY

(At about the age of seventeen)

the public for the Tuesday matinée. Applications for these may be made either by letter to the Secretary at the Society's Offices, Trafalgar Buildings, Charing Cross, or (on the day of performance only) to the Court Theatre.

THE Clifton Shakespeare Society is a very live institution, if I may judge by the programme—now before me—of their twenty-ninth session. Among the works selected for reading and criticism by the members are "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Henry V." and "Every Man in His Humour."

Musical Notes

IT is good news that the London "Richters" are not to cease. They have not been too well patronised during the past season and perhaps it is idle for Dr. Richter ever to hope to regain that commanding position which he enjoyed in earlier days, when he had the field so much more to himself. Still it would be universally regretted if such far-famed concerts were to cease to be and it is satisfactory to know that, despite recent reports to the contrary, arrangements are already in hand for a further series. Whether, however, Dr.

Richter will continue to bring his Hallé band to London, or rely, as in former years, on players drawn from the Metropolis, remains to be seen. Nor does it very greatly matter what arrangement is adopted so long as Richter himself remains to conduct. Of Richter indeed it might almost be said, what was observed by Voltaire in another connection, "If he did not exist it would be necessary to invent him."

THE indefatigable industry with which the Duke of Argyll pursues in circumstances distinctly dispiriting his chosen rôle of librettist is worthy of unqualified admiration. One has heard of that son-of-toil who begged for assistance as an out-of-work and on inquiry revealed the fact that his chosen calling was putting on skates; but the Duke of Argyll displays a very different spirit, for he insists on putting on skates, so to say, whether there is the faintest chance of his services proving of any avail or not. For whom his latest libretto is intended, or whether there is any probability of his ever hearing it wedged to immortal song at all, is not stated. But one can hardly conceive of the most determined librettist deliberately undertaking a work of this kind "in the sky" (as Wagner used to put it), so that one must conclude that there is yet another British opera in process of gestation to vex the souls of unappreciative managers and point a moral too little needing further illustration.

THAT was rather amusing evidence which came out in a recent law case in which the proprietors of certain private orchestras were concerned. Certainly it is reassuring to learn that membership of a "White Hungarian" or "Blue Pomeranian" band is by no means incompatible with a sound British patronymic and a nationality which knows nothing of Hungary or Pomerania. The thing has been darkly suspected before, of course, especially perhaps by those who have occasionally addressed friendly words in their vernacular to one or other of these "exiles" to receive a smiling answer in the purest accent of Cockayne. But to have it established beyond dispute in a court of law is even more satisfactory. Distressful native artists who have been eloquent over their displacement by these visitants from foreign parts may henceforward take matters with more philosophy and learn that many a stout British heart may beat beneath the uniform of Ruritania.

ONE of the incidental drawbacks attaching to a colossal salary must be the prodigious sums sacrificed when from any cause the payment otherwise your due is not forthcoming. The thought is suggested by the recent statement that a little dispute between Madame Calvé and Mr. Conried, of the New York Opera, involved a loss to the former of no less than \$14,000 in respect of a single week's engagements. It is true that the figures published in circumstances of this kind seldom bear any very exact relation to the truth, since it is to the equal interest of both manager and vocalist to exaggerate the actual facts. Still, the sum which Madame Calvé sacrificed, whatever it may have been, was certainly no small one—and all, it would appear, because the singer had a fancy for not singing just at that time a particular rôle which the ruthless manager found written in her bond. Truly Art hath her victories no less renowned than war.

In this connection, by the way, another sacrifice, of a more serious nature, at the dictates of principle and conviction, is reported from America, in this case in

relation to the well-known composer Mr. Edward MacDowell. Mr. MacDowell has, it seems, found himself compelled on this score to resign his position—one of the very finest of its kind in the States—at the Columbia University. Particulars are wanting at present as to the precise reasons of Mr. MacDowell's action, though it is known generally that he found himself out of sympathy with the musical ideals and artistic aims of his directors, and gave up his position on this account. Such action speaks volumes for Mr. MacDowell's independence and artistic integrity, and is assuredly deserving, irrespective altogether of the particular matters in dispute, of warm sympathy and admiration. Happily Mr. MacDowell is of those who can do even better work as a composer than as a teacher. Columbia's loss will, it may be hoped, prove the general gain.

"THE CINGALEE; OR SUNNY CEYLON" is quite on the accepted lines of previous successes at Daly's, and there seems not the slightest reason to anticipate that it will find less favour with the public than any of its predecessors. Failure is a word, indeed, which is simply unknown in Mr. George Edwardes' vocabulary, and since he has recently informed a wondering world that, despite their popularity, productions of this order do not really pay, he must be commiserated once again on the prospect of "The Cingalee" enjoying a prolonged run. Indeed, the old apple-woman who lost on every transaction, but made up for it by doing such a large business, is not in it with Mr. Edwardes. But this aspect of the matter is obviously of no concern to the general public, who are content to know that no one gives them better value for their money in this particular kind of article than Mr. Edwardes, and to take full advantage of that fact. "The Cingalee" will attract many a crowded audience for many months to come.

A VERY amusing setting of Goldsmith's "Mad Dog," by Mr. P. H. Williams, a young composer of whom more is likely to be heard, was a welcome novelty at the Ballad Concert last Saturday—the more so since humour, save of the unconscious kind, is so seldom encountered at these, or, for that matter, any other concerts. Why composers should invariably take themselves with such oppressive seriousness has never been satisfactorily explained. But Mr. Williams is evidently not of those who cannot attune their lyres to lighter moods, and the very emphatic success of his song, as sung with immense spirit and humour by Mr. Kennerley Rumford, might well encourage others to experiment in the same direction. Mr. Williams' amusing Wagnerian references were especially appreciated. At the same time another song from his hand, "Day and Night," which Mr. Rumford gave as an encore, showed that he can be equally effective in a totally different vein. This little song, so short, so simple, but so sweet, is, in truth, quite a gem, and if it does not attain much popularity in due course I shall be surprised.

Art Notes

THE Leicester Galleries as usual have a good show of work for the eyes of the jaded picture critic—an exhibition of drawing by E. T. Reed of "Punch" fame. E. T. Reed has a position and a style, an appeal and a public all his own. His pencil sketches show him an accomplished draughtsman; and he transmutes these pencil studies into quaint

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inked line; his fantastic figures thus handled take quaint attitudes and situations that rouse a laugh at the impact of the picture upon the eye. It reminds me of Mark Twain's saying, "First get the truth and then you can distort it as much as you like." Under all E. T. Reed's laughter-provoking extravagance and whimsicality is the severe figure of Truth demurely peeping. In the very animals of the now wide-famed "Prehistoric Peeps," one seemed to be back amidst the solemn guesses of the geological museum—they were all built on the most serious discoveries. E. T. Reed has above all the very gift of a caricaturist, he can exaggerate the personal lines of an individual until the portrait becomes a more pronounced likeness than a legitimate portrait. His predecessor, Mr. Harry Furniss, had none of the true caricaturist's powers, he was best in the absolutely grotesque, and as a consequence E. T. Reed is as funny as his predecessor was dull. Those terrible punning Like Joka jokes are dead, thank the gods of laughter; and in their place we have a fantastic line that plays round the figure until the very page seems to shake with merriment. It is all full-blooded and jolly as a school-boy. There is something a little cast-iron and hard about his pen-line, yet in it is an individual note that seems to get out of the drawing the whimsicality that he is trying to get across to us. Max Beerbohm, who perhaps actually draws even less well, nevertheless gets an even more telling sense of satire into the biting line with which he draws his caricatures. It is a strange fact, but if you were to employ the whole accomplishment of the Royal Academy you would not get from the best drawing at your service such marvellous humour as E. T. Reed will give you within his strange limitations, nor such a sense of venom as Max Beerbohm puts into his pen-line. As an absolute artist in his caricature, Sime is of course better than any of the men of to-day, yet his line never gives us the jolly good-nature of E. T. Reed, nor the absolute contempt of Max Beerbohm. Whilst for the political cartoon, to give the essential ridiculousness of a whole political situation, incomparably the wittiest pen is that strangely hard yet so wonderfully telling one that is wielded by Carruthers Gould, whose passionate belief in his political ideals gives to his hand a strength and a rapier lunge that have not been surpassed in our day. But for robustious good-humoured laughter at everybody and everything we must go to E. T. Reed.

THE expressions of opinion in "The Magazine of Art" by artists upon L'Art Nouveau are delightful; and it is full time that such opinions were given. Personally, I think L'Art Nouveau is an abomination. It is destroying furniture and architecture. In France it threatens to spoil the streets of every large city. The very iron railings seem to be becoming possessed with this contorted mad running pattern that is the vile unrest at the centre of the ghastly movement. It is Arts and Crafts gone mad—drunkenly mad. But the worst part of it all is the second-rate and shoddy imitation of it that is simply flooding the shops of the jewellers' and silversmiths' trades. In this stage it seems to contain vulgarities undreamed of even in mid-Victorian years, for at least mid-Victorian furniture was solid, and, if pompous, at any rate aimed at strength. But I see, indeed, it is creeping into several good shops, that threat of these contorted meaningless lines of ornament, a form of decoration that breathes falseness and baseness in every curve. And I regret to say it is creeping into that most simple metal of pewter, to say nothing of

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silver. So far, it is but a threat in pewter. And if there is one metal that has been saved from defilement it is pewter. No metal has suffered such debasement as silver. Look at an ordinary cigarette-case, or a cruet, or indeed any silver "ornament," and the probability is that it is a horrible thing. But pewter has escaped. And he who would work in pewter cannot do better than go to Clifford's Inn and see what beauty the old men wrought with this lovely, dull, pleasant metal. They insisted on the roundness of a flagon, on the spoon form of the spoon, on the essential lines of every utensil they touched, and they brought a glory to their craft by consequence, which will never be surpassed.

MESSRS. METHUEN have issued the "Leighton" biography in their charming series of "Little Books on Art." The little biography by Miss Alice Corkran is interesting except when she drops into those terrible descriptions of pictures—the sort of thing that the art critics of a few years ago gave to the press, and that nobody, very wisely, read. The reproductions from Leighton's pictures are not very well chosen, and are far from successful; but the landscape "City of Tombs, Assiout," is beautiful. I do not know whether the coloured ink is to blame, or the downright badness of the process blocks; but I fancy it is as much the choice of the works reproduced.

THE "Connoisseur" for March contains a coloured reproduction of Rembrandt's "Old Lady" at the National Gallery, a paper on Irish silver Hall Marks, a charming paper on Toby jugs by Dion Clayton Calthrop, and an excellently illustrated paper on "Wax Portraits." An interesting number. Fascinating as is the Toby jug, it has always seemed to me that far more fascinating even than its burly grotesqueness are the splendid colours of the rude glazes. I have seen Toby jugs that for sheer beauty of colour put jewels out of splendour.

It looks as if the picture known as "La Belle Jardinière" in the Louvre were not the original, if we are to judge by Marriotte's challenge to the authorities in the pages of "The Weekly Critical Review." The original is on canvas of Raphael's period, whereas the Louvre picture is on wood. It is asserted that the canvas has hung in the gallery of an obscure collector of pictures, and only at his death has it been taken from the room where it has hung for more than a couple of centuries. So we are likely to be in for a new and violent wrangle over a great man's masterpiece. I am bound to say that, though I have not seen the find, I am convinced that there are more than a few pictures at the Louvre that are extremely doubtful in their claims.

AT the Goupil Gallery in Regent Street may be seen an interesting collection of pictures by well-known artists. There is an exquisite little Mauve called "Milking Time," which is a typical example of his greens and silver greys and blacks. Le Sidaner is represented by his very beautiful pastel "La Neige," which has been shown in these rooms before, which, indeed, it is a wonder to see unsold. He sends also a very fine work, "Le Trianon," that I have not seen before. A true poet this man. Blanche sends more than one fine canvas, and his "Bérénice au Miroir" is one of the strongest examples of his painting and one of the best colour-harmonies I remember seeing from his hands. Brabazon's delightful "Santa Maria della

Salute" is also here. Mura and Bosboom are at their best.

AT Graves' Galleries are a large number of water-colours and pen-and-ink drawings by Clifford Harrison, that show the strangely varied talents of this much-gifted, much-stricken man. There is a preface to the catalogue in which Ruskin is quoted in one of his fatuous moods; indeed, Clifford Harrison's minute detail was bound to appeal to Ruskin. But, as a matter of fact, the pathetic thought on surveying these clever and elaborate drawings of Clifford Harrison's is that so much life and time and labour should have been wasted in getting effects that are utterly inelegant by minute and cast-iron tickings of pen-strokes, by a means that is lacking in emotion. Yet the artist's eye chose his subject with a rare skill; it was his medium that was largely responsible for robbing it of its most poetic qualities. If Harrison had tried to get his effects largely and broadly and in a few minutes, he might just have seized the moods of Nature which died out as he wrought and stippled. It were as though a man tried to produce the orchestral effects of an opera upon a Jew's-harp or the fine-toothed comb.

MR. JAMES BOLIVAR MANSON is showing his water-colours of "Old Paris" at 184 Adelaide Road, St. John's Wood, and who that knows the fascination of Paris will regret the pilgrimage?

Correspondence

The Late Master of the Temple

SIR.—The late interesting and amiable Master of the Temple was fond of recalling his early connection with Boz. Not very long before his death he told me of a curious fact associated with "Dombe and Son." When a lad he was sent to a school or "seminary for young gentlemen" kept (or "held" as the French would say) by a Dr. King, and where he had among his schoolfellows Charles Dickens the younger and, I think, Mr. Marcus Stone. This Dr. King was a suave and mellifluous personage—and the descriptions, imitations, &c., given to their parents by these youths suggested to Boz the figure of Dr. Blimber, as well as the humours of his Brighton school. The last time I conversed with this charming and somewhat quaint man, he described to me Eliza Draper's tomb or tablet in Bristol Cathedral—she in whom "genius and virtue were united"—so runs the inscription: though the poor adventuress seems to have possessed neither. We miss his strange and most original face and figure—the face a very unusual one—the white silky hair, the yellow sallow cheek, the wiry well-formed frame. He was quite a unique in most things. A man of finish, too, and eke of distinction.—Yours, &c.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

Shakespeare Memorial

SIR.—Probably everything has been said that it is profitable to say in regard to Shakespeare, but I cannot help dwelling in imagination on the delights which would result from hearing one of Shakespeare's plays given in a building as nearly identical as possible with that in which the play was produced. What should we say to hearing a piece written for the violin attempted on the 'cello, or a sermon intended to be heard from a pulpit in the nave delivered inaudibly in the chancel, a place reserved for ritual? In both cases a *coup manqué* would probably be the result.

One of the charms of a visit to Nuremberg is the impression of the Middle Ages given by the architecture of houses, churches and public buildings. While, as a most quaint finish to the whole, the eating-house where Hans Sachs ate a sausage is preserved, and one can there follow his example if one wishes to do so.

(Continued on page 284.)

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Peter A. BLACKIE,
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R. HAWKINS,
Pickwick Road, Corsham, Wilts.

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as our higher natures through our eyes should be made by presenting Shakespeare's plays at least in one place in London as they were originally given. The garishness, inconsequence and frivolity of much of our present stage-work would then fall harmlessly on the audience, and unappreciated.

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Yours, &c.

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Quarry Hill, Reigate.

SIR,—I do not think the nation is pining for a Shakespeare Memorial in London. It would require a great deal of money, which we have not got to spare just now, and a good deal of architectural ability, which we have not got at

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Periodicals

"Harper's Monthly Magazine," "Commercial College Chronicle," "The Commonwealth," "Good Health," "Field Naturalist's Quarterly," "Architectural Review," "Bookman," "National Review," "School," "Book Monthly," "United Service Magazine," "Antiquary," "Genealogical Magazine," "Monthly Review," "The Author," "The Play-Pictorial," "Reader Magazine," "Japan's Fight for Freedom, Part I," "Alpine Journal," "Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute," "Geographical Journal," "The Reader's Index," "Indian Magazine," "Bible Society Gleanings and Monthly Reporter," "Current Literature," "The Lamp," "Bookman" (New York), "Scribner's Magazine," "Lippincott's Monthly," "Good Words," "Sunday Magazine," "New Liberal Review," "The Animal's Friend."	
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Foreign

Poetry, &c.

Doncieux (George), Le Romanero Populaire de la France (Paris: Librairie Emile Bouillon) 15f.
--

Periodicals

"Deutsche Rundschau," "Archivo Bibliographico," Vol. IV. No. I., "Mercurio de France."
--

all, and would then be merely serviceable as an advertisement of ourselves. Shakespeare's memory is likely to outlast the British Empire. If we must do something, let us form a really good collection of Shakespearean literature, and give it a special room at the British Museum.—Yours, &c.

ARTHUR R. ROPES ("Adrian Ross").

SIR,—No opinion of mine on the subject of the proposed Shakespeare Memorial would be worth a line in THE ACADEMY, for I have given no thought to the subject, and at present lack a moment to spend upon it.

To me everything calculated to promote scholarship is to be encouraged, and I should find myself out of sympathy with any memorial involving much expenditure in brick and mortar.

I can conceive of a National "Shakespeare Scholarship" becoming one of the prides of our intellectual life.—Yours, &c.

EDEN PHILLPOTS.

Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure"

SIR,—Mr. Hall in his letter to THE ACADEMY writes: "That Shakespeare should use an Italian word is no marvel considering his close intimacy with resolute John Florio."

May I ask Mr. Hall's authority for this statement?

Florio was Southampton's Italian tutor, and Southampton was Shakespeare's patron, but there the connection between Shakespeare and Florio seems to end.

We have had many surmises as to where Shakespeare obtained his knowledge of French and Italian, and this is the latest and most novel of the lot.

Mr. Sidney Lee ("the most eminent Shakespearean scholar of the time") says: "He (Shakespeare) doubtless possessed just sufficient acquaintance with Italian to enable him to discern the drift of an Italian poem or novel."

Was Florio Shakespeare's Italian tutor as well as Southampton's?—Yours, &c.

GEORGE STRONACH.

Shakespeare and Jane Austen

SIR,—In answer to Mr. E. Knox Linton's courteous challenge, let me say that when I spoke of Tennyson's declaring to Sir Leslie Stephen that Jane Austen was "next to Shakespeare," I remembered not merely talks with Sir Henry Taylor when I had the fortune to be his guest in old days at Bournemouth, but also the following passage in his Autobiography: "Alfred talked very pleasantly that evening to Annie Thackeray and L—S—. He spoke of Jane Austen, as James Spedding does, as next to Shakespeare." Mr. Knox Linton has here two great authorities with him, and may well be content. For my part, I can but shelter myself behind Sir Henry Taylor, whose comment was: "I can never imagine what they mean when they say such things."—Yours, &c.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

Re "Tolstoi and the Babies"

SIR,—One of my critics of last week quotes Browning on Original Sin. May I remind him of the much more philosophical and totally incompatible conception of evil which he will also find in Browning, in the sublime final stanzas of "Abt Vogler"?

Mr. Keeble accuses me of putting the "cheap dilemma of a First Cause either not All-Good or not All-Powerful": but my difficulty is to reconcile All-Goodness in the cause with "desperate wickedness" in the caused. The difficulty thus made by the theologians is dissolved directly we get a rational conception of sin. The more than obvious suggestion that "original sin is a scientific fact necessitated by evolutionary science and the laws of heredity" I utterly deny. Scientific ethics, which both Comte and Spencer recognised as the goal of science, has a conception of sin which differs quite immeasurably from that of the theologian. This I shall try to show next week. I could not do so this week, as I had to redeem my promise about materialism.—Yours, &c.

C. W. SALEEBY.

A Psychological Mystery

SIR,—With all respect to your lady correspondent, I consider she has done little more than restate the difficulty. A "good memory and a little imagination" might account for that confused sense of recognition to which Samuel Warren referred, but not for the peculiar experience of "E. G. O." who finds the books familiar "not merely in a general way, but verbally so."

Mr. Saleeby furnishes an excellent solution of the "precognition" problem *per se*; but his theory fails in an important particular when we attempt its application to the case of "E. G. O." The cheery writer of "Egomet," it should be remembered, seems to experience the sense of pre-knowledge—not merely "now and again" or as a "rare exception"—but in a sustained manner, insomuch that whole books (and not simply odd sentences therein) are verbally familiar. Thus, on Mr. Saleeby's hypothesis, one of "E. G. O.'s" cerebral hemispheres must read, so to say, ahead of the other all through the volume, and, as a necessary corollary, we are forced to view "E. G. O." as a physiological anomaly.

It seems to me we shall have to adopt Mr. Saleeby's theory in the main, but leave out the idea that the lack of simultaneous action of the two cerebral lobes is a rare or short-lived occurrence.

Physiologists are agreed, I believe, that the left hemisphere (governing our right-hand side) is the more important and susceptible of the two, and we have only to suppose that in "E. G. O." the superiority is greater than in the normal subject. Thus, under appropriate conditions, that which in the latter is rare and of brief duration is in the former more frequent and sustained.—Yours, &c.

J. B. WALLS.

The Yellow Races

SIR,—Have we ever fully considered the question: Why should we think the white race permanently superior? White hair, still more white eyelashes, most of all the pallor which we ourselves call ghastly or deathly, are not things to be proud of in a coloured world! At best they mean weakness, at worst senescence or even (as in the Albino) the genetically defective; or again disease, anaemia. Only in one respect is white naturally supreme—in light, which is the glory e.g. of the diamond.

But why should not another race emerge into domination as the white race has already done: taking up (as Japan has already so significantly taken up) all the white race's special practical and scientific powers, and adding the powers of concentrated "intuitive" thought and intensity of penetrative contemplation which the "Eastern" races possess?

Are we the Silver Race, and may there be not merely, as we say with contemptuous patronage, a "Yellow" Race, but a "Golden" one, or rather one of unnamed colour, to succeed us? When man had through brown stages reached the yellow point, one can imagine his saying, Here is the crowning colour; and when the future whiteness was suggested, replying in scorn, A pallid, pale-blooded, cold, weak race! But he would hardly have conceived the rosy white race as it exists. Nor would he have readily anticipated its present supremacy.—Yours, &c.

V. W.

March 2, 1904.
[The above, by a curious coincidence, was written before the appearance of Dr. Saleeby's article in the same sense.]

[Many other letters are held over for want of space. The Editor must again request correspondents to write as briefly as possible.]

NEXT WEEK

A Chess Column

will be inaugurated and

A COMPETITION ANNOUNCED

12 March 1904

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Hardinge Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers."

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE.

* SHAKESPEARE QUERIES.—Are there any references in contemporary Elizabethan literature to the peculiarities of serpents, corpses, and eels referred to in the following quotations from "Pericles"? Also what are the earliest allusions in English literature to these peculiarities?

- (1) And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers. . . . I. i. 132.
- (2) The sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship
Be cleared of death. . . . III. i. 47.
- (3) Thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels. . . . IV. ii. 154.—E. W.
Hendy (W. Didsbury).

"A PAIR OF WHITE CATS."—Is Sheridan's phrase "a pair of white cats" drawn you to Kensington? merely a satirical metaphor on Lady Teasle's extravagance, or does it refer to a breed of diminutive ponies modish at the time?—F. E. Goldsmith (Canterbury).

"WIFE THE TEARS."—In "Lyceidas" these lines occur—

Sweet Sosie
That sing, and singing in their glory, move
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes."

The last line must be taken literally or metaphorically. The literal is more to be expected in Milton, but in the Bible there is the phrase used metaphorically, "And He shall wipe all tears from their eyes." Can any give a definite theory for the two lines?—Hilda Thorp.

"TO BREAK SQUARES."—This fault, in Trim, broke no squares with them."—Tristram Shandy," Bk. II. Chapter 5. What is the meaning of a fault breaking no squares? The military use of the word hardly seems a satisfactory explanation, something more personal would seem to be suggested. Viator (Ventnor).

"CLUB LAW."—In the "Spectator," No. 239, Addison refers to Club-law as argumentum basilinum. Does he mean the argument of kings, or does he refer to some Basil, and if so, to what Basil?—Pedagogue.

GENERAL.

THE TAIL AND THE DOG.—Can you or any of your readers tell me the origin of the saying, "It was the tail that wagged the dog"?—W.F.W. (Uganda).

"COTSWOLD LIONS."—I came across this expression in an odd page of an old "Tatler." It seems to be another name for Dutch courage, but how can it have originated, and what does it mean?—Agnes Watson (Hull).

ACCENT MARKS.—Is there a dictionary of accents showing their various uses in different languages. For instance, the diresis in English is used to separate two vowels to form two syllables, in German it generally stands for the elision of a letter, while in Persian it changes a noun masculine to the feminine gender. What I require is a tabular list, or a work dealing entirely with this subject.—W.P. (Bristol).

CORNER COLUMNS.—It was the custom of the Greeks, when building a temple, to make the corner columns thicker than the rest, the reason given being that, if they were not larger than the others, they would appear to be smaller; why is this?—F. Eric Steinhart (Ilkley).

"COCK AND BULL STORY."—Who is the earliest writer to use this phrase, and what is its origin? Sterne refers to it as if already received into the cant vocabulary when he makes Yorick explain to Mrs. Shandy the story of a cock and bull—and one of the best of its kind, madame, I have ever heard! (vide last chapter of Bk. IX.).—G.D.B.

ROUND CHURCHES.—Would any correspondent kindly inform me which are the four Round Churches in the county of Gloucester?—Templar.

PHYSIOLOGY OF INSECTS.—What are "the physiological reasons which keep insects small," alluded to by H. G. Wells in "The Time Machine"? The passage is not in the work as it stands at present, but occurred towards the close of the last instalment as originally issued in the "New Review" in 1895.—A.W. (Tonbridge).

* A GLOUCESTER SAYING.—While on a visit to Bristol, I was struck by the frequent use of the saying "as sure as God is in Gloucester," when they spoke of anything deemed to be a certainty. Can any give the probable origin of this saying, which seems to be in general use in the West Country?—R.N. (Sunderland).

Answers

LITERATURE.

* GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.—The "Missionary Hymn" was written by Heber, when he was rector of Hodnet, for a service in Wrexham Church

on Whitsunday, 1819, at which his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, was to preach in aid of the S.P.G. That Heber wrote in the second verse

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle"

is evident from the original MS., a facsimile of which was published some years ago by Messrs. Hughes & Son, of Wrexham. That "Ceylon's" appears as "Java's" in the collection of Heber's hymns published in 1827 by his widow is also undoubted; and that the alteration was made by the author himself, or with his sanction, we may take as certain. The reason is not far to seek. When Heber arrived in the East, and especially after he visited Ceylon, he discovered two facts, viz. (1) that "Ceylon" is accented on the last syllable, and (2) that the "spicy breezes" of that island are a myth.—Donald Ferguson (Croydon).

AUTHOR FOUND.—"For though the day be never so long." A special interest attaches to this couplet, as in Foxe's "Martyrs"—telling of the Martyrdom of George Tankerfield in 1555—we find the following passage: "After dinner ye sherife came to him, to carry him to the place of execution. Who considering the shortness of time, his saying was that, although the day were never so long, yet at the last it ringeth to evensong." Foxe, in a side note, calls this "A pretty saying of the martyr." Now either Tankerfield was quoting—incorrectly as people will do—from Hawes' poem, or else his was a commonly known older version of the couplet, and, owing probably to the popularity of Foxe's book, has become the generally accepted one. Tankerfield, we are told, was a London Cooke. "Nowadays we should not expect a cook to quote lines from our present or past Laureate; for Stephen Hawes held the post of Poet Laureate to Henry VII., and can hardly with justice be called a minor poet of his time. It is possible Hawes may have borrowed or altered a well-known couplet; if not his "Pastyme of Pleasure" must have achieved considerable popularity.—Cheviot (Kelsall).

AUTHOR FOUND.—

"Thou art the Voice to kingly boys
To lift them through the fight,
And comfortress of unsuccess
To bid the dead good-night"

were first published at the beginning of "Many Inventions," and subsequently in his book of verse known as "The Seven Seas," under the head of "To the True Romance," by R. Kipling.—Erhard. [Similar reply from A. F. Whyte (Edinburgh).]

"So here hath been dawning another blue Day." [Reply also received from Cheviot (Kelsall).]

"TICKLE ME, TOBY."—Rather more of the context should have been given; at all events the preceding sentence "Wherupon Wilhelmus Sacrista says: 'Our Prior must be named, *quis caput nostrum est*, being already our head.' And the Prior responds, 'Wilhelmus Sacrista is a fit man, *onus vir est*,—for all his red nose. Tickle me, Toby, and I'll tickle thee!' Venerable Dennis too is named." Three monks had to be nominated. The point is that William the Sacrist votes for the Prior, and the Prior returns the compliment by voting for the Sacrist. Toby stands for a familiar personal name, and tickle is used in the sense of to gratify.—M.A.C.

"AS IT FELL UPON A DAY."—This ode until lately was attributed to Shakespeare, but is now confidently assigned to Richard Barnfield; it is found in his collection of "Poems in Divers Humours," published 1598.—M.M.D.

GENERAL.

"JESSIE."—According to Miss Yonge's "History of Christian Names," Jessie is short for Janet, and probably from it Shakespeare named his Jessica; or else the latter name may be intended as a feminine of Jesse, the father of David.—M.A.C.

* SUNDAYS IN LENT.—(A) I offer the following conjectures: (1) Supply "Yes" at end of first line. (2) Tid, Misere, Yes, are connected in each case with the Gospel for the Sunday.

Tid for Temptation in the Dessert. (Gospel, 1st Sunday in Lent.)

Misere for Have Mercy on Me. (Gospel, 2nd Sunday in Lent.)

Yes for Our Lord's reply at end of Gospel, 3rd Sunday in Lent.

(3) Mid. Mid-Lent Sunday (the fourth) sometimes called Refreshment Sunday. (4) Past-Egg Day, Easter Day. Corruption of Paschal-Egg. (B) Carlin. I have gathered the following particulars from the "New English Dictionary." Spelling in sixteenth century, carline; eighteenth, carlin. Derivation: possibly from care in Care-Sunday + ling. One of the two verbs to carl means to parch (peas). Carling-Sunday, the 5th Sunday in Lent, on which it was customary to eat parched peas. Quotation: "In Northumberland the day is called Carling Sunday. The Yeomanry steep peas, and afterwards parch them, and eat them on the afternoon of that day, calling them carlings." "Gentleman's Mag." 1766. (T.H. (Ely).)

"PROPHET—FIGS."—I believe the quotation: "In the name of the Prophet—Figs" is to be found in "Rejected Addresses," in the imitation of Dr. Johnson. But I have not the book by me to verify the reference.—H.B.F. (Hastings).

"FAYNETS."—The form of the word to which I was used as a child was faynets, or fay-meets, or fay-meeds; which I gradually, as years advanced, interpreted as standing for FAIR MEANS.—A.H.H.

"COUNTING-OUT VERSES."—In "benighted Somerset" the form of these lines differs somewhat from those you have given. As I first heard them about the year 1840, they ran thus:

"Onery, Oquery, ickory Ann,
Filosity, Folosity, my son Jan.
Quesovy, Quavy, Virgin Mary,
Inkerum stinkernum staggerum buck,
O U T spells
You nasty stinking dish-clout, Out."

GEORGE SWEETMAN (Wincanton).

"MOTHER-IN-LAW."—The "Century Dictionary," after the usual meaning, gives (2) Step-mother [now only provincial English] and illustrates by a quotation from Middleton (1570-1627).—M.A.C. (Cambridge).

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the four booksellers whose names follow:

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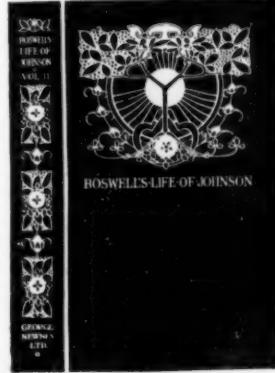
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